

# SPIRIT

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### THESAURUS OF HORROR ; OR THE CHARNEL-HOUSE EXPLORED!! &c.\*

**T**HIS is a very pretty title, and we think the book is likely to have a run. The "Grave" of Blair is a sweet poem, but the name is much too simple, "Thesaurus of Horror" puts the imagination at once on the alert, and nothing can be more pointed than the sinister horn of the dilemma, the "Charnel-House Explored." Nothing can be more delightful than the philosophical, poetical, and historical variety of the title-page. The only fears one has are, lest the bill of fare promise more than the landlord can furnish ; but we can assure our gentle readers, that this is far from being the case, and that for the sum of three and sixpence per head, they may sup full of horrors at the Ordinary of Mr. Snart.

But to be serious—John Snart the

\* Thesaurus of Horror ; or, the Charnel-House Explored!! being an Historical and Philanthropical Inquisition made for the Quondam-Blood of its Inhabitants ! by a contemplative Descent into the Untimely Grave! shewing, by a number of Awful Facts that have transpired as well as from Philosophical Inquiry, the Re-Animating Power of Fresh Earth in cases of Syncope, &c. and the Extreme Criminality of Hasty Funerals: with the Surest Methods of Escaping the Ineffable Horrors of Premature Interment !! The Frightful Mysteries of the Dark Ages Laid Open, which not only Deluged the Roman Empire, but Triumphed over all Christendom for a Thousand Years! Entombing the Sciences, and subsequently Reviving all the Ignorance and Superstition of Gothic Barbarity! By John Snart, Φιλανθρωπος, Author of the Mathematical Principles of Mensuration, &c. 8vo. London.

G ATHENEUM VOL. 6.

philanthropist is very far from being happy. Most men have something or other in this troublesome world to distress them, but his case is one of the most hopeless. He is not afraid of a change of ministers, nor of the escape of Buonaparte from St. Helena, but, ever since he arrived at the age of maturity, he has been in constant terror of being **BURIED ALIVE**. On this subject, and this subject alone, has he meditated for twenty years past, and he has now given to the public the fruits of his meditations below the tombs with as much composure as the awfulness of his most desperate condition would admit.

This work is dedicated to the Duke of Sussex, and in the dedication the melancholy Snart informs his patron, that, next to the subjects of religion, "the horrors of the grave by premature interment are paramount to all others." Other writers, he informs us, have occasionally treated of this theme, but "petrified by the Gorgon's horrid front, have retired from the charge, and left it unfinished, rather than wound the feelings of themselves and the public by probing it to the bottom; until, like a long neglected disease, the evil (burying alive) has become desperate, and almost incurable, by inveterate custom."

We really had no notion that things had got to this length, but have not the presumption to contradict Mr. Snart on a subject which he has so deeply studi-

ed. It would appear from his statements, that most people are buried alive, and that as matters are now conducted, any lady or gentleman who is interred, perfectly dead, has good reason to consider her or himself unusually fortunate. We perceive by reference to Dr. Jamieson's Essay on Creation, in the Antiquarian Society, wherein Inhumation is treated of incidentally, that the custom of burying the supposed dead,—for we must speak cautiously—is one of very long standing. It ought, therefore, either to be given up immediately, or there ought to be a radical reform in this system of rotten burroughs. For, the weight of taxation in the open air, is nothing to the pressure below, and the Scotsman himself will allow, that a starving, is not so great an evil as a buried population.

The Duke of Sussex is well known as the eloquent chairman at religious, political, and poetical dinners, and Mr. Snart seems to desire that he would speedily arrange a dinner at the London Tavern for the consideration of this subject, and at which a society might be formed, entitled, "Society for the Suppression of Premature Interment." Never, says the great *φιλανθρωπος*, does magnanimity shine so resplendently as "when it intrepidly passes the Rubicon of horror, descends into the premature grave, and snatches the poor devoted victim from the ineffable fate of living inhumation, or being BURIED ALIVE!!!" Without doubt, the catholic emancipation itself ought to be postponed till after a general grave-delivery of all his Majesty's subjects, be their religious persuasion what it may.

The Duke is then told that, not only ought he to bestir himself in this great work, from motives of pure philanthropy, but that in this case, "virtue is its own reward, for he that establishes this law upon an universal basis, eventually secures himself from the direful penalties arising from neglecting it."

Mr. Snart is aware that mankind are slow to listen to the voice of wisdom, and therefore, he is far from being sanguine in his expectations that they will soon adopt measures to save themselves

from premature interment. They have got so accustomed to it, that it is not uncommon to hear the shocking expression of "being buried alive" under a cart load of blankets. But he is notwithstanding resolved to persevere—and we dare say (enthusiastic man that he is) he hopes to live and see the day when hearses will traverse the streets of our cities, burthened with the peaceful dead, and not, as at present, with persons riding unconsciously to quarters wherein they almost all awake in the morning, with feelings which it is needless to describe.

We have often seen the obstinate perversity of the world at large well described, but never so well as by Mr. Snart.

"A proud or self-opinionated man may very fairly be compared with a bottle which has always been kept full of wine, &c. until it is ready to burst by fermentation; and, could such bottle cogitate, it would think the repletion an *essential* quality of its own, (for fermentation, though a bouncing quality, like pride, arises from *mutability*), and though it might be induced to insult all *empty* ones, or those filled with *sober water*, or other *less changeable* fluid than itself, yet a more philosophic bottle would discern between the vessel and the liquor contained in it, both as to the quantity and quality, and learn modesty from the lesson."

At page 94 Mr. Snart addresses himself to the feelings and imagination of his readers, and that person must be deaf indeed to his own interests, who is not awakened to a sense of his danger by the following appeal, which we think equal to any thing that pulpit oratory has produced from St. Augustin to Dr. Chalmers.

"All other deaths admit of some relief; at least, the sorry one of *expiring*! that is, of suffering the breath to *escape* from the *lungs*, and men cherish the forlorn hope, that (however oppressed through life) they shall find a *resting place in the grave*, from all their labours and sorrows too! but *this* appalling thought of *another* conflict in the *gaol of deliverance* murders all hope, and the very transcript of *divinity* itself within the sufferer's breast, and stifles it in its exit; entailing a *second* death infinitely worse than that designed by nature, the horrors of which baffle the human pen to describe! A needless supplement of misery that far transcends the original penal sentence denounced on Adam and his posterity for transgression, ("*thou shalt die*") and refuses the manumitted slave his free emancipation!

"Behold the hapless victim of this horrid

custom, upon the return of life, shut in the clay cold prison!--he lifts! ah, no!--his trembling hands to procure him that relief he feels so much the need of; and though before grown feeble by disease, made desperate now, by the maddening sense of his hapless situation and lost estate! But yet the attempt is stopt!--the coffin lid is shut, shut for ever! screwed down!--loaded with unrelenting earth! Terror,--despair,--horror,--torments, unknown before, seize on him! Madness,--rage,--all! all!--no power to live! no power to die! no power, alas, to cry for aid! but pent, barricaded, and pressed by accumulating condensation! The brain distracted! the eyes starting from their sockets! the lungs ruptured! the heart rent asunder by unusual impulses! the ducts and glands suffused, the excretories choked by surcharge of fæces, rendered viscid by incalculable and external resistance; and every vein and artery bursting in the super-human conflict! The office of inoculation (baffled) tries in vain to force its valves, and runs retrograde, bathes the poor grappling victim in extravasated blood *without*, and forms new channels *within*, in this dreadful scuffle, which knows no cessation or abatement, till coagulation's influence stagnates and deprives him of all thought, and he becomes a fermentable mass of murdered, senseless, decomposing matter!!!"

This is very fine and fearful certainly—and it is no empty declaration, we assure you; for Mr. Snart is, with all his oratory, a matter of fact man, and he brings forward his proofs. About eighty years since, the son of a Mr. Cornish, silk-mercator and milliner, and twice Mayor of Bath, had a son who was buried alive.

"A Mr. Cornish, who was twice mayor of Bath, about eighty years since, and whose grave-stone the great-grandson and writer of this article, remembers to have been shewn to him in the abbey-church there, was a silk-mercator and milliner of some eminence, had a son, who seemed to die of a malignant fever. The shop being the resort of people of fashion, it was considered necessary to inter the body as speedily as possible. While the grave, upon this occasion, was but half filled with the earth, the gravedigger (like his predecessor in Hamlet) had occasion to retire for a "stoop of liquor," when some persons, who were walking in the abbey, which is always open to gratify the curiosity of strangers, were alarmed by some deep but stifled groans which appeared to issue from the nearly half-filled grave!--a more attentive consideration of the sounds confirmed the heart-appalling apprehensions, that the person just interred had been buried alive! Immediate assistance was procured; the earth thrown up; and the coffin wrenched open; when, horrible to relate, the poor victim of premature interment was discovered with his knees and elbows beaten raw, and the tears standing, in large drops, upon his cheeks! But the discovery was unhappily too late to be availing; he had drunk the bitter cup of superlative misery to the dregs!

Nothing we fondly imagined, could be much worse than this—but Mr. Snart has explored the charnel-house to still greater purpose, and the son of the silk-mercator and milliner and Mayor of Bath may be looked on as a happy man, in comparison with the more obscure tenant in his cell at Bermondsey.

"But this example is but preparatory to the following case of consummate horror! which was discovered about the same time in Bermondsey churchyard, Surrey! In digging a grave then about to be occupied, the operator came to a previously interred coffin, whose cover, or side, by a cause (hereafter to be explained), gave way, which induced the removal of that part entirely; perhaps to examine whether the bones were fit to be taken out, as is usual, to be deposited in the charnel or bone house! when a spectacle presented itself to view, the relation only of which turns the course of nature, and makes her crimson tide run retrograde toward its own original source for protection! A spectacle! that must appal the heart of any being who is not more or less than man!

We cannot think so ill of our readers as to suspect, for a moment, that they stand in need of any more anecdotes of this sort—else we would give them a very striking account of premature interment which Mr. Snart maintains occurred about a year ago in Edinburgh.

"The next case that has transpired within the writer's knowledge is not a twelve-month back, and, according to newspaper reports, is well authenticated. It happened at Edinburgh, and teems with similar horrors to those cases at Bath and Bermondsey."

We recollect something of the circumstance. The old lady died in the High Street, and, at her own especial request, was buried in a blue gown. But we believe Mr. Snart to be misinformed as to the prematurity of her interment, for she was dead enough in all conscience; and the idle rumour of her having been restored to life, though asserted by a few, was believed by none, and has now wholly died away. Mr. Snart then adds:

"Reader, here is a matchless tragedy indeed! not founded upon fiction, but upon facts! a subject of supreme misery and superlative distress! one that will justify any mode of expression, and for which, instead of suppressing the exuberance of thought and intensity of description, it requires a pen dipped in liquid fire to depict.--No language can be adequate to the immensity of the horrors! and even hyperbole itself, which distorts and exaggerates all other things be-

yond their natural size and dimension, fails here, and cannot produce a metaphor equivalent to the plain matter of fact; and, if dramatic writers want a transcendent figure for their future fictions, to harrow up the soul! let them find the motive to it in the untimely grave!!!"

Having thus established the existence of the evil, and depicted it in such fearful colours, Mr. Snart proposes the remedy. "Let not," says he, "men rest, till they see the ultimate issue of it reduced into a permanent law, established by *Act of parliament*, enacting, that no person shall, upon pain of death, bury their relatives or friends under a month," &c. He even goes so far as to recommend torture in addition to death, as the punishment for this heinous crime; "death in the common way is too lenient a punishment for so great a crime as smothering another in the grave!"

We had intended to indulge in a few reflections and speculations on premature interment, but our limits forbid. If we are to believe Mr. Snart, and his reasoning seems unanswerable, a vast number of worthy people are at this very moment in no enviable situation; and though before this article has gone to press, all will be over with them, we do trust that the bill hinted at by him will be brought on during the present meeting of Parliament. It may seem invidious to mention names; but we seriously beseech Mr. Colburn to consider what he is about, and that he will infallibly get the character of a most notorious quack, if he suffers any more of his poor patients to suffer premature interment, during a syncope, like Dr. Polidori.

## NATURAL HISTORY.—VARIATION OF FLOWERS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

June 25.

I HAVE of late paid particular attention to the variation produced in Flowers by planting them in gardens, in a richer soil than what they are accustomed to in a wild state; and I am convinced many popular errors yet remain to be eradicated respecting the causes and extent, of this variety in the colour and multiplication of the petals of plants. I shall not, at present, enter into any discussion respecting the causes, but merely state a few facts which have fallen under my notice.

In two borders contiguous to each other, some common garden poppy-seeds were scattered. In one of these borders, in which grew an abundance of white flowers, all the poppies (which were double) acquired a whitish colour, and were only tinged with red, while in the other border, containing none but red flowers, all the seeds scattered produced poppies, which, though doubled, produced red flowers. The vulgar opinion is, that the poppies acquired their colours from the other flowers which grew immediately about them. This, however, I disbelieve; but I

propose a question: could the soils be so different, from some accidental mixture, as to produce the variety in colour, while the soil which produced the whitish-coloured poppies was so favourable to the growth of certain plants with white flowers as to induce them to flourish there? Another popular notion, which I should be glad to see cleared up, is, that by planting many single or wild flowers near double ones, the former will become double? If this be true, it must be by the accidental mixture of the farina.

I should like to know, through the medium of your Miscellany, what is the opinion of botanists generally with regard to the garden-poppy. Is it merely a variety of the white poppy, *papaver somniferum*? I am inclined to think not; for the white poppy has some essential characteristics, among others the bigness of the capsule, and colour of the seed. It is urged on the other hand, that the white poppies sown in gardens become variegated, that is, they do not go on sowing themselves as white poppies. But may not this be owing to the white kind not bearing the

cold of winter, and the seeds perishing, while the seeds of the garden or variegated poppy remain unhurt, and spring up again in summer ?

Yours, &c.

T. F.

P.S. I have seen recently many intermediate varieties between the garden and the white poppy ; and many seem to have sprung from seeds out of the same capsula.

## PULPIT ELOQUENCE—CHALMERS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

**T**HERE is perhaps no triumph of human genius so instantaneous, so unrivalled, and so splendid, as that of the Preacher. It is more peculiar than that of the General, for he shares his glory with multitudes, and there is not one in all his army who would consent to give him the undivided praise. The eloquence of the Lawyer is corrupted by our knowledge that he has received a fee, and that of the Politician is fettered by the details of business, and the certainty of a reply. The Poet is the only one whose art can boast of producing an equal effect on the human passions ; but then the days of solemn recitation and choral accompaniments have long since gone by, and the enthusiasm excited in a closet must always be inferior to that which is kindled in an assembly. The Dramatic poet, indeed, who should be present at the representation of his own tragedy, must be supposed to have attained the summit of literary enjoyment. But even here the triumph is neither instantaneous nor entire. The Parisians, it is true, used to call for the poet when the curtain fell ; and they crowned Voltaire with garlands, and carried him in procession about the stage. But all this was an after thought ; and the first and most hearty of their acclamations fell to the share of Clermont and Le Kaip.

The sacred preacher is elevated above his audience ; he speaks as one having authority ; and the honour, if honour there be, is entirely and indisputably his own. He is furnished, indeed, with no inconsiderable advantage by the character of the scene, the audience, and the subject. The sanctity of the place, the very spectacle of a

multitude assembled to unite in the worship of their Creator, is sufficient to still every unworthy passion, and to exclude every debasing thought. We are in the house of God, and we cannot enter it without having our attention carried away from the business, the amusements, the passions of the world, and fixed upon the great concerns of the nobler part of man—death, judgment, and eternity. We invoke the pity of a pure and compassionate Creator, in the merits of a divine, a gentle, a suffering, Redeemer. We look around us, and we see the old and the young, the rich, the poor, the noble, and the menial, all gathered together for one purpose, and confessing before the throne of God that they are equal in his sight, all children of Adam, all sinful dust and ashes. When we enter the church we have the same sense of our degraded condition and immortal destiny with which we walk over the graves. If we have the power of thought, we must be serious ; if we have the feelings of men, we must be humble, kindly, and composed.

The preacher has no occasion to create a disposition in his hearers. They who are ever likely to listen, are already before him in all the calmness of reflection. The proud are humbled into the sense of human weakness ; the lowest are partakers in the sublimest of contemplations. We come not as critics but as sinners—prepared to scrutinize, not the faults of the preacher's rhetoric, but the mazes, perplexities, and errors of our own mysterious lives. Our predominant feelings are those of shame, sorrow, and awe ; and we are there with the unsuspecting confidence and reposing simplicity of children,

waiting to have our faith confirmed, our hopes exalted, and our love kindled, by the voice of the messenger of God. We stand drooping and silent among the gloomy columns and tombstones of the choir—it is his to open the gates of the sanctuary, and reveal the redoubled height and splendour of the ærial dome.

A portion of that reverence which we feel for our God, mingles insensibly with our ideas of those who have devoted themselves to his service. We think of the lowly, and affectionate, and cheering offices in which the minister spends his days. We see the man whose business it is to comfort the broken-hearted, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted spirit,—who sits by the sick-bed of the Christian, and composes the fainting soul to meet without horror the agonies of death. We cannot look without love and admiration on the godlike devotion of that man who has forfeited all hopes of worldly preferment and worldly fame, and given his undivided strength to benevolence, which is its own reward, and piety, which holds its communion with the heavens, and look for its recompence upon high. He is the type of all that is kind, and pure, and lovely, in our nature. He is the martyr of humanity. His watchings have been not for himself but for his brethren. If the veteran soldier be at all times entitled to respect, surely the gray hairs of the aged priest are worthy of a yet more melting veneration; and in these moments of silent contemplation, when our thoughts turn not on the comparative strength of human intellects, but on the more awful and eternal relations between God and man, we are willing to confess that he has chosen the better part,—that all other occupations are mean when compared with his,—and that the internal peace and conscious heroism of a mind devoted to employments such as these, must in themselves be a treasure far beyond all the riches, power, and honour, to which other men attain.

It is perhaps from the very excellence of this preparation that the main difficulties of sacred eloquence arise. Were our thoughts of a more ordinary cast,

it would be more easy to elevate them: were our feelings less excited, the preacher might have it more in his power to mould them to his will. He has the delicate task of supporting enthusiasm, which is already great; and when the fire is in its brilliancy, it is scarcely possible to feed its flames without diminishing its lustre. It is, besides, of the nature of all powerful emotions, either to become stronger or to become weaker; there is no steadfastness in passion. The incantation must become more awful as it proceeds, and there is fear, when once the deep charm is upon us, that a single hasty word or unhallowed motion may dissolve the mystery. The least vulgarity of expression, the least meanness of thought, the least obtuseness of feeling, seems as out of place in the pulpit, as a profane jest would be on the scaffold or the death-bed. The more majestic the character of the preacher, the more painful would be to us the imperfections of the man. Our thoughts would begin to flow into another channel, and the meditations with which we departed, might be more earthly than those with which we came.

There are indeed some favoured spirits which are exempted from all such fear. The aged saint, whose soul is weaned from all the thoughts and vanities of the world, whose only book is his Bible, whose sole delight is in contemplation;—the innocent and unquestioning piety of childhood;—the tender and submissive sanctity of woman:—these may bid defiance to all the disabilities of the preacher. Their thoughts are so simple, their affections so lovely, their religion so habitual, that to destroy the tenor of their holy reflections and humble hopes would be to shake their existence to its centre, and convulse the very essence of their souls. Many, very many, such spirits are in every Christian land; it is their purity which redeems our nature from its reproach, and testifies that man was not originally made to be a sinner. They form the link between ordinary men and angels; their divine thoughts are the steps of that ladder which preserves unbroken

the communication between earth and heaven. But with the young, the gay, the busy, the ambitious spirits of the earth, the case is widely different. They have endeavoured to lay aside their usual thoughts, and they would fain be pious for a season; but the weight of worldly corruption hangs close about them, and their unwilling spirits are but too prone to sink back into the ordinary level of their desires. Their passions are strong, their pursuits industrious, their holiness a struggle, their religion a violence; and it requires all the art of a consummate master, to preserve alive that faint spark of devotion which has been kindled in their souls. To the truly devout and godly of his audience, and to the minister himself, a few simple ejaculations, a few heavenly breathings of confidence, a few words of unaffected tenderness, might be a sufficient homily. But the preacher must address, not the few, but the many; and it is this which renders it necessary that sacred eloquence should be an art.

Like every other great and dignified art—like painting, sculpture, or poetry, its most perfect performances appear, indeed, to be the work of inspiration or enchantment. Who ever represented to himself Raphael touching the divine lineaments of his Madonna? or Phidias shaping a rude mass of stone into the countenance of his Olympic Jove? or Milton seeking for rhymes in Lycidas, or balancing similes for the speeches of Satan? or who that quakes beneath the unfettered eloquence of Chalmers remembers that pages were blotted, and the midnight oil consumed in search of images which seem to be the easy suggestions of an overflowing fancy, or sentences which come upon his ear like the first and natural language of a commanding soul? Yet it is most true, that he who is the best preacher of the day is also the most laborious, and that it would be as impossible for a careless extemporist to utter a sermon like one of his, as it would be for a player of voluntaries to strike off the *dead march in Saul*, or a Neapolitan improvisatore to thunder out *THE GIAOUR*.

But if it be true that there is no art more difficult than that of the preacher, it is at least certain that no other theme contains so many elements of inspiration as that upon which he has chosen to dilate. We, indeed, are very seldom able to appreciate that to which we are accustomed. The majesty of the Christian Religion is familiar to us;—its lofty images are ever before us;—its mysterious truths are revealed to us in our childhood;—the spirit of its tenderness is diffused over all our feelings, and the sublimity of its promises over all our hopes;—we may call ourselves what we will, but it is as impossible for us not to be Christians, as it is for us not to be men. The hardest infidel owes the boasted purity of his morality, and dignity of his conceptions, to those scriptures at which he scoffs, and that faith which he would undermine. The oracles of God were not uttered in vain; and they who are the most unconscious of their influence, cannot write a line in their disparagement, without bearing witness to their power. Voltaire, who spent a long life in wilful mockery of our religion, was not aware that the most noble of his productions is a mere cento from the Bible, and that it was only his intimacy with Isaiah which could ever have enabled his light spirit to dictate such a poem as *Zaïre*. If we look back to the most splendid ages of Greece and Rome, and examine the writings of their profoundest philosophers and most elevated poets, we shall see no confidence in immortality,—no sense of deity,—no purity of affection,—no gentleness of love, which can sustain a comparison with what we may find in the treacherous writings of that scoffing Frenchman. In Homer we see a melancholy dread of dissolution, and an undisguised belief that the true happiness of man is inseparable from the possession of his senses,—in *Æschylus*, a dark and mysterious impression of fatality,—in *Sophocles*, a vague presentiment of retribution,—in *Euripides*, a restless and sophistical scepticism,—in *Plato*, mystic and undefinable aspirations,—in *Cicero*, doubts which would fain be sat-

isfied,—in Lucan, contempt,—in Tacitus, despair. But if we turn to the book of any modern infidel, we shall find a morality, before which Socrates would have bowed himself like a child,—hopes which would have illuminated the gloomy dreams of Æschylus,—and faith which would have cheered and gladdened the majestic spirit of Plato.

Christianity is not only the fountain of all our hopes, she is also the guide of all our science, and the inspiration of all our art. The great fathers of modern philosophy, Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Kant, were devout men, and all anxious to promote human science with a view to the glory of their God. The chisel of Michael Angelo exerted its noblest efforts on the revelation of Mount Sinai, and Raphael esteemed no subjects worthy of his pencil but the virgin majesty of Mary, or the kindness, the sufferings, and the glories, of his Redeemer. Christianity kindled the genius of De Castro, Fenelon, Klopstock, and Tasso; and the spirit of the Gospel was the muse of Milton. Mankind have become weaned from their old predilection for outward achievements, and devoted with ever increasing interest to subjects of internal feeling and spiritual import. Eternity has been revealed to us, and we are compelled to look on the present as a mere point of nothingness. We rest contented with no earthly conclusions; in all music, in all poetry, and in all philosophy, we require to have a glimpse beyond the grave. We are permitted to gaze on the great tragedy of human life, which has creation for its commencement,—angels and demons for its machinery,—the passions of men for its actors,—and judgment for its catastrophe;—and it is no wonder that we have lost our relish for all meaner dramas. Religion is the prevailing spirit of the age. The Messenger of God has weapons in his hand to which we are not disposed to offer any resistance; let him use them firmly but gently, and he shall make willing captives of us all.

The world has already seen many periods in which the paramount influ-

ence on the minds of men, has been that exerted by the ministers of our religion. Such was the age of Augustine, who turned the best arms of the Greeks against themselves, and by the profoundness of his reasonings, no less than by the vigour of his eloquence, demolished the cause of heathenism among the nations of the west. Such, too, in latter times, was the age of Bossuet, Pascal, and Massillon, who contended with successful mastery against the pernicious paradoxes of Des Cartes, and the incipient spirit of infidelity. Had France been so happy as to possess a series of worthy successors to these illustrious men, what miseries and degradations might she not have been spared? But no sooner were they laid in their graves, than scepticism gained courage, and began to walk triumphantly abroad. Those stern and awful voices, which had stilled the babbling of the scoffer, and supported the skinking courage of the feeble believer, were now mute, and the adversaries of our faith proceeded, unchecked, in their career. The champions of religion themselves, became cold and faint-hearted; they could not brook the envious ridicule that was heaped upon their cause and upon themselves, and they gave up the strongest of their fastnesses, and laid aside the most celestial weapons of their armoury, in the vain hope of conciliating the favour or forbearance of a treacherous, insatiate, and exulting enemy. Every noble association was by degrees destroyed,—every pure and simple feeling debased,—every lofty principle eradicated,—and all the generous chivalry of France forgotten;—the consequences of irreligion have been written in characters of fear, in the corrupted heartlessness of domestic manners, and the most profligate and blood-stained of political revolutions.

We may thank other things than accident, that the ministers of religion in this country have not to contend with the same obstacles which meet their brethren in France. The habitual dispositions of the British people are not frivolous and unthinking, but sober, earnest, and devout. Our veneration

for the institutions of our fathers has not been shaken by any convulsions of democracy,—our antique associations preserve all their force,—the throne and the altar are still viewed by us with unbroken affection, and we look back with pride and reverence to a long line of manly and pious ancestors. The spirit of religion is mingled with our earliest visions of innocent enjoyment; our first indelible impressions of maternal tenderness and fatherly concern are entwined with ideas of Christian meekness, charity, and love,—with the memory of simple prayers and the evening sacrifice of psalms. He among us that throws aside his Christianity, breaks in sunder the chords that should lie nearest to his heart, and infuses the coldness of indifference, or, it may be, the bitterness of remorse into that cup of solitary meditation which should overflow with intermingled melancholy, softness, and delight.—A spirit such as that of Chalmers, would feel itself strangely out of place under the gilded canopy of a Parisian pulpit. But it is a compliment to our nation, that with us he is at home.

He is the symbol of directness and simplicity,—he unites his power of imagination, his profoundness of reason, his majesty of eloquence, with affections as uncorrupted, and feelings as tender, as dwell within the pure and angelic bosom of an infant. He has surveyed mankind in all their conditions,—he has scrutinized all the mazes of their passions and their guilt,—but he has done this from the holy pinnacle of the temple, and no spot of human vanity or presumption has been allowed to mingle itself with his soul. He has the art to make us listen to him with all the reverence which is due to a superior being, without taking away from the intimacy of that affection which binds us to natures like our own. We look up to him as to a father, or an elder brother, with an awe that is tempered with kindness, and an admiration that is stained by no lurking poison of envy. He produces at once the highest enjoyment in our intellect, and the most soothing calm with-

in our hearts. We perceive, indeed, that he has the voice and the authority of a prophet, but we never forget that he has also the sympathies and fellow-feelings of a man.

We might take from him his reasonings, his philosophy, his genius, he would still be the most engaging of all orators, could he only retain that impassioned freedom which gives vent to the mild and heavenly feelings wherewith his bosom overflows. In this age of suspicion, mistrust, and mockery, most men are afraid of being ridiculed, should they unfold their inmost emotions, and retain, buried within the recesses of their hearts, nay, not unfrequently disguise, under an external veil of coldness and apathy, that genuine and melting tenderness, and that hallowed enthusiasm, which form in the eye of God, and whenever they are made manifest, in the opinion of all good men, the best counter-balance to that weight of infirmity and sin, whereof the great mass of every human character is composed. The error has not only gone abroad among the common walks of life, it has crept into the senate-house and the sanctuary; it has banished all the fire of patriotism from the speeches of the statesman, and not a little of the fervency of devotion from the more solemn oratory of the priests. But Chalmers is too sensible of the dignity of his genius, to truckle to these base and chilling observances originally invented by the cold and calculating infidel, although adopted by not a few among the sincerest of his brethren. He knows that he is the messenger of God to man; he knows that he would be unfaithful to his master should he leave behind him the most piercing of his weapons when he goes forth into the battle. He will not consent to conceal that which is in itself noble, out of a regard to prejudices that are mean. His own heart and the gospel are both creations of his God, and, "being things so majestic," he will not "offer them the least shew of violence." He throws himself upon us with the fearless dignity of inspiration, and his voice awakens a sleeping echo in every human soul on

which it comes. God has sent him there to speak truth in thunder, and he flings away from him, and tramples beneath his feet, all the worthless associations with which our hearts are bound to mere earthly things,—he holds his eyes fixed on the grandeur and magnificence of his mission; and as his soul rolls onward to the final accomplishment of the mighty end in view, the most common expressions seem to partake of the glory that agitates and disturbs his spirit.

When he commences the worship of his God, it ought to be acknowledged, that there is about him and around him an undescribable air of passionless constraint, that to the unthinking mind may appear like indifference or want of devotion. He reads the psalm with a tame and hurried monotony,—and even in the prayer which follows, we scarcely feel that we are in the presence of Chalmers. But in truth, this air of apathy is breathed from the struggling passions of his soul. Though the congregation know it not, he knows the awful, the sublime, the overpowering sanctities conceived within his spirit; he seems almost afraid of trusting himself with a glimpse of those conceptions which he is soon about to scatter like lightning around him;—calm, still, and unmoved, as his aspect looks in the time of prayer, the waves are even then rising within his soul; we seem to hear afar off, as in the tranquillity of noon, the voice of the coming tempest; and the silence of the house of God, whispering with the weak voice of the preacher, is, to those who have heard Chalmers at the height of his elevation, awful, as some scene of nature, when the very rustling of the leaf gives forewarning of the thunder.

Ere we have heard many sentences of his sermon, we feel that we are in the presence of a great man. A charm is upon us—at once awful and delightful. We feel as if indeed born again,—as if in total forgetfulness of our own worthless individual selves, but belonging to a race of beings whose natures are imperfect, but whose destiny is glorious. Those old associations and impressions to

which we have all our lives been accustomed, begin to start one by one into a new state of brightness and vigour. In every step of his progress, he seems to dissolve, by the touch of his magic wand, that stony sleep of lethargy in which some noble feeling of our nature had for a season been entranced. He gives us no new arguments, no new images, but he scatters the vivid rays of poetic splendour over those which, by the very frequency of repetition, have ceased to have any power either upon our reason or our fancy. We are lost in a vague maze of wonder, how it should happen that all these things seemed so trivial to us before,—how arguments so convincing should have appeared weak, or images so appalling should have passed tamely and dimly before our eyes. He has at last gained the undisputed mastery, and we yield up our spirits that he may do with them according to his will. Our souls are quickened with a more vigorous sense of life; our heartstrings vibrate with unknown intensity of emotion. He carries our enthusiasm along with him in flights, whose loftiness we should not have dared to imagine. He plunges us into depths of contrition, from which he only could teach us to emerge, and shakes us over yawning abysses of despair, where his hand alone could preserve us from the last precipice of ruin. He melts us with love, kindles us with hope, or darkens us with horror. We feel as if we were in the grasp of some commanding angel, borne through all the untravelled fields of ether;—now wrapped in the black recesses of thunder, now gliding through fleecy clouds of gold and amber, now floating majestically through the free and azure expanses of the untroubled sky. The stars begin to gleam upon us with a warmer lustre, earth lies far below a dim and rolling orb, and our eyes begin to descry afar off the crystal battlements of heaven. We are willing to confess that we have never lived before, and would sacrifice ages of earthliness for one moment of a rapture so divine.

It arises not from the weakness, but

the will, of Chalmers, that he very seldom keeps us long at the summit of this elevation. He seems to be insensible that the splendours which he has revealed to us are either new or dazzling. His genius regards the universe as its birthright, and, he has no undue partiality for the richer and more magnificent regions of his domain. With the same overpowering sweep of mastery, he brings us at once from the heaven to the earth, and from the earth to the heaven, and, however majestic may have been his elevation, he has not the air of feeling any degradation from his descent. He compels us indeed to follow his footsteps into the basest tracks of mortality, and lays open the infirmities, the frailties, the errors, the vileness, of our nature, with the keen indignation of a Juvenal, no less willingly than he has already inflamed and purified our spirits with the angelic enthusiasm of a Milton. But there is diffused over the humblest of his representations a redeeming breath of Christian sublimity a thousand times more ennobling than all the stern and unbending dignities of the Porch. He does not, like the philosophers of old, confine all grandeur to contemplation ; he clothes with majesty the most common offices of life, and teaches that the meanest of his christian hearers may exert, in the bosom of his family, and in the manly perseverance of painful labours, virtues more lofty and divine than were ever called up by the pure spirit of the Stagyrte, or ever floated among the mystical and foreboding dreams of Plato. These are the things which fill the walls of his church with crowds the most mingled, yet the most harmonious that were ever collected together for social enjoyment or social good. It is this that makes the wise and the great come to have their souls fed like infants by the liberal hand of his genius, and makes the poor man and the ignorant steal from the precious moments of his weekday toil, that his spirit may be sustained and kindled by the inspiring voice of Chalmers. He is not the preacher of any one class ; he is the common orator of man.

Were our hearts indeed as dead and as cold as monumental marble, they could not fail to sympathise with such a preacher. He has given up his soul to the full sway of his emotions, and he summons from the depths of a convulsed spirit things more awful, as well as more lovely, than could ever be dreamed of by the ordinary mind of man. We need only to look upon him, to see that his heart is bursting with the deluge of his zeal. His countenance glares with the feeling of unutterable things : his voice quivers, and his limbs tremble ; and we perceive that he is in the agony of inspiration. It is in such an attitude of awful ecstasy that we represent to ourselves the Hebrew prophet, when " the heavens were opened, and he saw visions of God, being among the captives by the river of Chebar." It is to such a tone of solemn denunciation that earth shall listen, when " the angel shall come down, having great power, and crying mightily with a strong voice, Babylon the great is fallen !"

Sometimes, when listening to his prophetic voice, the soul feels all at once chained and bound down to the contemplation of some one grand picture which he has unfolded to our imagination. For a while we are lost as in a dream, and the scene before us fades away from our eyes. We suddenly awake from our reverie, and, lifting our gaze to the pulpit, there is the mighty preacher thundering before us : he seems to us, in his re-appearing effulgence, like a being sent from afar to comfort, to admonish, and to command ; an Image of the dwellers in eternity seems there speaking to the children of time ; and our hearts expand, as they thrill with the concentrated hopes of immortality. If we could suppose a human creature so miserable as to dread the extinction of the soul within him, let him listen unto Chalmers speaking of death and of the grave, and he will feel himself prepared to pass through all the horrors of dissolution, as fearlessly as if on board a mighty

ship, sailing in all her glory through some gulf of roaring darkness, into the azure bosom of everlasting calm.

While Chalmers is preaching, a sublime effect is created by the universal harmony of sentiment spread over a breathless congregation. All who come within the empire of his soul are raised to the same level. Now the young are solemn as the old; now the old are impassioned as the young: the most ignorant are suddenly enlightened, the most callous penetrated, the most haughty humbled, the most humbled assured. All the artificial distinctions of society are lost and forgotten; he deals with the primary and eternal emotions of our nature; youth, beauty, health, riches, and worldly honours, are phantoms without a name. His utterance is of the secrets of the heart and the awfulness of judgment: our souls are stripped of their earthly garments, and we stand all alike wretched and sinful, but all alike resigned and hoping suppliants before the footstool of God, and beneath the gracious smile of a Redeemer. If we can spare a thought away from ourselves, let us; but look around, and every breath is hushed, every cheek is pale, every eye is riveted. In the midst of all that multitude his voice is heard, like a mighty river rolling through the breathless solitude of nature; nor are the lifeless rocks and trees rooted in more motionless repose, than the thousands sitting there in the awe-struck stillness of pervading devotion.

Truly the Sabbath-worship of our God is a sublime worship, when our souls are upheld in their aspirations heavenward by such a preacher. He teaches us to regard with still holier feelings that consecrated day; and we look forward with delight to the coming Sabbath, when our piety is to be again restored and strengthened. The stir of life is hushed in a great city: for one day the busy heart of man is at rest, and heaven is allowed its dominion over earth. The bells are tolling in the calm; a shoal of people flows on towards the house of God; and for a season no sound is in the city but the

voice of the preacher or the singing of holy psalms. In that crowd there may be curiosity and idle thoughts, nay, even dark passions and evil spirits: such is the doom of our humanity. But one hour of perfect freedom from vice, from meanness, and from folly, is now given unto all. All are admitted into a dream and a vision of glory; and who shall say what blessed effects may remain, long after the voice of the preacher is silent? Awakened devotion that has slept for years—generous and gentle emotions deadened by the world's law—the long-lost innocence of childhood—the tenderness of youthful affections—the enthusiasm of youthful piety—the recollections of prayers uttered on bended knees—of the voice of dead parents who blessed our infancy—all that softens, beautifies, and sublimes humanity, returns upon our hearts like a gale from Paradise, and in that mood they are open to the tidings of salvation. It is not a vain and delusive enthusiasm; it is not a sudden swelling of human exultation; but it is a conviction sent in peace and rapture through our souls, that the heavens are the abode of more than brotherly—more than fatherly, love;—that awful eyes are looking on us with pity and compassion;—that awful hands are stretched out to embrace us;—and that it is in the power of all to secure everlasting bliss, by the holy, devout, submissive acknowledgment and acceptance of the promise of redemption.

Let it not be said that such emotions must necessarily be transient. True, that they cannot continue in all their force. We are of this world, and its voice must be obeyed. But think not that the shower is dried up though it disappears. It falls upon the dry dust of our souls, and its influence is attested, at some future time, by flowers and verdure. Who is there so dull, so dead to the influence of ennobling thoughts, as not to love to recall the hours of passionate exaltation! The soul will revert to its triumphs; if waking cares will not permit, yet will we dream of them in our very sleep—sleeping or waking we are the children of Heaven

—and our spirits are often, unconsciously to themselves, striving to be fitted and prepared for their future destiny.

In a great city especially, the influence of such a preacher as Chalmers defies calculation. The intelligent minds of well-educated men, relieved from the laudable though often too engrossing pursuits of active life, turn with delight to the illumination of his wisdom. They feel themselves ennobled, after the honourable discharge of their worldly duties, by having their souls fixed on something more grand, and lofty, and magnificent. To such men the Sabbath is too often a day not of thought but of slumber—not of holy contemplation but of frivolous amusement. And, in good truth, it becomes us to think with indulgence of minds wearied and harrassed, and worn out, by the incessant demands of a necessary occupation. It is not to be wondered at, if they should turn away from the dull moral discourse, or the mysterious doctrinal rhapsody, and come at last to neglect the holy service of the Sabbath, from finding it too often associated with wearisome dulness and incomprehensible obscurity. But over such minds eloquence, piety, knowledge, and genius are sure to gain a triumphant ascendancy. It is melancholy to reflect, that in great commercial cities, those minds which, by their cultivation and high moral integrity, are best fitted to receive religious impressions, are too often those in which religion has but a narrow and transitory dwelling; but we know that the voice of Chalmers has startled many such from their slumbers, and were there more preachers like him, we should behold the commercial spirit of this great country marked by nobler lineaments,—working with somewhat of a less intensity of devotion towards mere wealth and riches,—and scorning, on any occasion, to put self-interest, and the boundless desires of aggrandizement, in the scale, against the cause of truth, freedom, and religion.

We feel that we cannot retire from the contemplation of this great preacher,

without allowing ourselves to utter a few words of delight over those sublime discourses which have connected the Christian religion with all the wonders of the modern astronomy. Imbued throughout with a spirit shed from the starry magnificence of infinitude, they are not to be praised as a mere work of human genius, but they are to be considered as a shining light reflected from the heavens. Scarcely ever do we think of the preacher at all—we feel as if reading an inspired book; we not only acknowledge the great truths in our understanding, we rejoice over them in our hearts; and if at any time our imaginations falter, and lose sight of the glories rolling around us; even then we know that the things which are not seen are eternal, and faith hangs fearlessly over the darkness and mysteries of creation.

Chalmers has not here taken upon himself the useful but easy task of confuting uneducated, and ignorant, and blind-folded Deists, who, with callous hearts and obtuse heads, have walked unpurified among the sanctities of the Christian creed, and blundered along the very high road of the Christian history. Them has a Watson already overthrown, and bound their great captain, Paine, in the chains of a shameful captivity. But Chalmers comes forth clad in the shining panoply of science, and throws down the gauntlet of his defiance to the wise men of the earth, and them who trumpet forth their scepticism from the high places. They behold in him a man possessed of all their own lofty knowledge,—one “who has wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven,”—and who has neither wafted back to us the tidings of despair, nor despondency, nor doubt, but brought homeward, to our own earth, the assurance of immortality,—and has heard the voice of God and a Redeemer sounding in the music of the spheres, and spread like the “casing air” through all the illimitable fields of space and of eternity. He meets his mighty adversaries in the upper regions of the sky,—he is not to be perplexed, amazed, or confounded,—and if they do

not acknowledge themselves overthrown, they are at least driven from the place of combat, and Chalmers is left in all the exultation of a righteous triumph.

It has, we know, been said by some, that Chalmers has, in these noble Discourses, all along combatted a phantom, and that those objections to the truth of Christianity have never been raised, which it is their object to overthrow. On this very account are his Discourses invaluable. The objections which he combats are not so much the clear, distinct, and decided averments of infidelity, as they are the confused glimmering, and disturbing fears and apprehensions of noble souls bewildered among the boundless magnificence of the universe. Perhaps there is no mind of any strength, no soul of any nobility, that has not often, in the darkness and solitude of the night, been beset by some of those majestic terrors,—we may never have communicated them even to our dearest friends, for when they are gone they are unutterable—like the imagined shadows of ghosts they come and go silently and trackless—but an awe is left in the haunted mansions of the soul,—and, with all the deepest gratitude of a perturbed imagination, we listen to the holy and the lofty voice which scares away the unhallowed visitants, and once more fills the midnight stillness with dreams of a peaceful and heavenly happiness. What although, in the conversations of ordinary society, no such thoughts ever find expression? Low indeed, and unimpassioned, is the strain of feeling which man holds with man in the common intercourse of life. And how, amid the trivial talk of amusement, or the intelligent discussion of affairs, or even the more dignified colloquy of philosophers, how could such emotions as we now speak of find utterance or sympathy? How can there be any conducting atmosphere by which such mysterious thoughts might be conveyed from soul to soul? But as there are fears, and doubts, and troubles, and agitating aspirations too awful to bear the garb of ordinary words,—so is there a Chal-

mers to meet them in all their dark array, and to turn them, during their hesitating allegiance, or their open rebellion, into the service, and beneath the banner, of our God and our Redeemer.

Most wildly has it been asserted by some, who appear to allow a paltry national jealousy, unworthy of the noble-mindedness of Englishmen to take place of that high Christian triumph which the eloquence of such a man should produce, that there is a want of originality in Chalmers, and that he possesses little or no imagination. It is most true, that there is no novelty in the belief of a plurality of inhabited worlds—but there is originality, and something grander than originality, in the picture he has drawn of those imagined glories. Poets and rhapsodists, and self-named philosophers, have descanted on the same theme, but turn from Hervey and St. Pierre to our preacher! Simple in the midst of his enthusiasm—stately in the very tempest of passion—serene amid all the splendours that envelope him—scientific in the very ardours of devotion—he seems to walk his way, as upon wings, through magnificence familiar to his spirit. We think not of his imagination, for it is plumed by his science—we think not of his science, for it is kindled by his devotion; we scarcely think even of his devotion, for its influence is shed like a halo round our own expanding souls, and we feel as if his words were our own, and his glorious conceptions born within the sanctity of our own spirits. When we walk out alone beneath the silence of the starry heavens, are we not often bewildered in our solitary delight and astonishment? Do not our souls often return to earth with an undecipherable sadness? And do we not sometimes mournfully feel as if our destiny was not with the eternal stars above our heads, but with the transitory flowers beneath our feet?—Chalmers rises up by our side, like an angel in a dream—he extends his hand towards the orbs above—he speaks of them and of their laws—and while he is speaking, they are no longer mere

shining spots in the sky,—but they become instinct with spirit and with love,—and as each of those millions of worlds is sustained and beautified by the Almighty Being, though they might all be swept away from existence, nor leave to his eye a blank in Crea-

tion,—so do we feel assured, even amid the heavy consciousness of our own individual insignificance, that we are objects of his care, and that his gracious love will not let us utterly perish.

R. H.

## CHASTITY OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

July 1, 1819.

A VERY eminent Traveller\*, in describing the Antiquities of the Greek Islands, has noticed two Inscriptions in the walls of the Castle of Stanchio, upon marble tablets; the one imports that

"The Senate and People have honoured Suetonia, the daughter of Caius, who has lived chastely and with decorum: both on account of her own Virtue and the Benevolence she has shewn towards her Father."

The other,

"The People erect Anaxincea, daughter of Euceon, wife of Charmylus, on account of her Virtue, and Chastity, and Benevolence towards her Husband."

Upon these Inscriptions he observes:

"What an exalted idea do these records convey of the state of society, in a Country where the private virtues of the inhabitants were considered as public benefits, and were gratefully and publicly rewarded by the Senate and the People. Were the filial Piety and the Chastity of its Women thus honoured and rewarded even amidst the depraved State of Public Morals, in the modern Cities of Europe—were these Virtues estimated at a high price, each nation might boast of an Anaxincea and a Suetonia."

Now, Mr. Urban, without wishing to detract from the above-mentioned Ladies any part of their claim to the distinction so honourably conferred upon them, and without impeaching the candour of the very learned Traveller who has favoured us with the narrative, and without endeavouring to raise the reputation of my own countrywo-

men, even in this depraved age, by lowering that of the Greek Ladies, who flourished eighteen hundred years ago; I cannot help drawing an inference quite contrary to that above quoted. It appears to me, rather, that instances of virtue were then of so rare occurrence as to excite general admiration, and be deemed worthy of the highest distinction; but was every Englishwoman, now, possessing filial piety and domestic virtue, to be in like manner honoured, the very walls of our houses must be inscribed from the ground to the attics, and our streets would be paved with their tablets.

Being a bachelor, Mr. Urban, I feel some interest in the subject, because I hope, should it be my fortune to enter connubial life, that I have not hitherto been in a dream; but that experience will confirm the observation, that, with few exceptions, all my countrywomen might claim honorary distinctions upon the same grounds as those ladies of Stanchio; but that the practice of such virtues is of too common occurrence to excite any extraordinary feeling, while the want of them is so seldom observed, that every woman deficient in filial piety or connubial virtue, is universally reprobated, even though of the highest possible rank in society; and it would seem an affront to the fair sex to offer extraordinary rewards for a line of conduct, which is considered as absolutely necessary to be observed in order to obtain the countenance of the world.

H. W.

\* Dr. Clarke, Part II. Section II. pp. 324 325.

## RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

From the European Magazine.

## THE PATRON'S FEAST.

**I**RELAND has not yet forgotten her saints and her "good green people," whose power was feared and expected even during the horrors of the year 1797. The eve consecrated to the Patron-saint of a village is still distinguished by the attendance of numerous pilgrims who prostrate themselves in the church-yard, and embrace the crosses made more potent by his meditation. The minute-bell, which gives such melancholy speech to the hour of a dying man's departure, was tolling in a ruined tower near Balmawhistle on the eve thus dear to harmless superstition; but all the inhabitants of the huts clustered round and within the solitary valley, had forsaken it to celebrate the Patron's feast, with their usual strange mixture of devotion and frolic. Ferocity and ignorance made their devotion extravagant; poverty and desperation in Irishmen are never unmixed with merriment. I said *all* the people of Balmawhistle were busied with their Patron-saint; but one remained, a rosy, large, and bold damsel, who strode over the mud heap and wood-ashes which encumbered her husband's threshold to receive his last breath and close his eyes, while his children were paying homage to the stone-cross of St. Kevin. A grey friar having availed himself of the general jubilee to steal from his hiding-place and toll the passing-bell in a forsaken chapel, came, when he had given this passport to the departing spirit, and opened the hut-door, little expecting to find any living attendant on his humble parishioner. Hannah Howragahn, the dead man's wife, rose from his bed of heath-straw, but without lifting her thick purple fingers from his throat.—"What is it you do, Hannah?" said her ghostly father,—"Only helping the Lord away with him," replied the good wife, with great simplicity; and immediately began to compose the head and features which death whose pangs she had shortened in pure

benevolence, had distorted very little. The soi-disant priest looked gravely and silently on till she began to seek a plate of salt and a black ribbon to complete the equipment of the deceased for his wake. Then quietly untying the silk bag which contained an amulet from his neck, her visitor put it on his own, and moving away the slate which covered the broken window, asked what she would do for the living. The Irishwoman gazed on him an instant, threw the green-striped handkerchief from her head to her feet, and clasped his neck. "Ohone, Father Carrol! it is not your own face, but my jewell King Condys!"—He, putting her gently aside, laid his pistol on the table, and charged its companion deliberately. "Look you, my own woman," said he, "there is neither time nor place for kindness—I am a dead man if the king's soldiers find me, and I have not a tester in my purse nor meat for my mouth."—Hannah's round face changed from the red of a corn-poppay to the blue of a convolvulus, while her foster-brother added, "Your husband, there, is not much unlike me in the face, and his clothes will fit me—Let us lay him in this green coat, where the red villains may find him, and pass me for your husband, old Croudy Howragahn, when they come here."—Honest Hannah put her green hood over her matted locks, and answered, "Troth, there's niver a thread of King Condys should be kilt in my cabin after he was dead, let alone when he was alive; and I'll lave you, joy, if there was never meat or tester in the world for ye'z. But as for trundling my poor owld husband into the fields for them soldiers to shoot at, it would be no convenience to me at all at all now, seeing he's dead outright, and please the fairies, I mean to give him a decent wake."—"What harm would it be now," argued King Condys—"if you laid me under the sheet there instead of him, and passed me for dead?"—"None in the world, jewel; only that niver a sowl would

believe it, for poor old Croudy was given to begging for his own funeral; and when he could get no more that way, he made me make the death-wail, and burn the straw at my door, so that all the neighbours brought pipes and ale and cakes to wake him, and then he jumped up among them all, and helped to eat them. Rest his soul!—I doubt he may be meaning to do so again!—”

—“Then as you said, Hannah,” interrupted King Condyl—“I’ll help heaven away with him”—and seizing the throat of poor old Croudy, he probably might have given it no gentle grasp, if the supposed dead man had not made a sudden leap, which upset the single rushlight, and threw King Condyl himself on the ground. His wife, strangely surprised at this incident, seized a poker from the fire, and intending, no doubt, to punish her visitor for the mischief he designed her husband, levelled a blow so vigorous, that the head which received it could rise no more. King Condyl benefitted by the darkness and the confusion of his hostess, dropped the green uniform he had concealed in a bundle under his priestly attire, and forced himself through the slated window, from whence he fled like a roe into the depths of the valley.

These depths were sheltered on one side by an old thick wood; on the other by a park wall of great elevation, which the fugitive eyed with anxious hope that some chasm or inequality might enable him to scale it, and take shelter within the privileged grounds. He ran a long time hoping and fearing, till the dim moonlight revealed two extraordinary objects. They resembled two immense flamingoes perched in various attitudes on the top of the wall; but King Condyl, never wanting courage, crept near enough through the thicket to examine them. The moon shewed him a slim young ensign in a scarlet uniform, seated on a three-legged stool, which he had placed adroitly on the spikes of the wall, in an attitude very secure, though rather ungraceful; a portly gentleman in the same kind of apparel had shewn superior ingenuity

by placing his saddle across; and poisoning himself in his stirrups, exhibited the bows and gestures of a lover more at his ease. The farce was well understood by Condyl. These Irish cavaliers, in the true spirit of their frank country, had agreed to refer their rival pretensions to their lady’s taste, and submit to a fair comparison. Our adventurer took the hint, and also the ladder by which these military Romeos had ascended, determining to trust the hospitality and good judgment of their Juliet. The ladder served his purpose well; and hiding it carefully among some trees on the other side of the wall when he had passed it, he made his way direct to the mansion, guided by a light which burned in a corner-casement. He leaped in, and found himself in the stone chamber of an old portal, transformed into a lumber-room, and filled with shreds of taffeta, torn books, and withered flowers. These were indications of a lady’s neighbourhood, and he was not surprised to hear female voices through the chinks; but when he looked through one, he was indeed surprised at the spectacle it discovered. A young creature of the slenderest shape, with eyes that shone like wildfire through the long black hair that streamed over her, sat on a low stool before a tall woman clothed in a scarlet vest and petticoat richly seamed with gold, and bearing on her head a turban or diadem of embroidered silk. When this singular head turned towards him, it discovered a face black as the hair her companion was combing, and enlightened by eyes of the size and fierceness of a leopard’s, rolling in sockets of ivory whiteness, powerfully contrasted by the jetty arches which overshadowed them. She knelt on a rich cushion, holding on one hand a basket containing a tuft of grass and a few winter-leaves, which she dropped one by one into a vase of black marble filled with earth; and while she rocked herself slowly to and fro, the listener heard her utter these strange words—“Pa la, la, suma nootka gunza!” They were rather sung than said, in a hollow yet melodious cadence, and

presently the singer spoke as if continuing a narrative.

"Then he died, and your father came to dwell among us; and he did not forget that my father was a prince in the land where the gold and the ivory grow, and he would say when his children sat in my lap, that they were happier than princesses, for a queen gave them milk. But there came a dark night, and a stranger sat in a lonely place. No one knew from whence she sprung, and the people of this land said she was the Banshee that comes to tell when men or women shall go home to their fathers. And in my own dear country I had often seen such spirits that came to call away my uncles and my brothers to the Island where hunters are happy. Therefore I had no fear, and I went to the lonely place among the rocks, and saw the Banshee sitting. It was a dismal place, where they say the land was once green and rich, but those who lived on it would not feed a stranger; and the waters gushed over it, and the men were turned to rocks.\* There was no star, and the moon was sick, but I asked the Banshee-woman why she came, and she made answer—"Where my hand touches, the corn shall grow: grass shall be green under my foot; where my head leans, there shall be tobacco; and rice shall spring up where I sit." Then I knew it was no evil spirit, but the good one, that once sat on the Alleghany mountains, and promised riches to America. And she held out her hand to me, and said, "Give me bread;" but I answered—"I have eaten Obi, and I can give thee nothing good; but there is a young innocent within the doors, and what she gives will be fit for a White Spirit." But when I came back to seek for my master's daughter, she was hidden; and the green robbers had left nothing under our roof but a few grains of wheat in my bowl of cocoanut shell. Then I carried to the Spirit of the dark valley, and she ate them all; and she took from under her feet three blades of

grass, and from behind her head these three oak-leaves. And she said, "let the hands that sent the grains of wheat twist one lock of hair with this trefoil and these leaves. The head from whence that hair is plucked shall be blessed, and the hand shall receive gold for the grain it gave."

"And are those the leaves, Momacula," said the lovely comber, "that I am to twist with one lock of my hair?"

"These leaves must be holy now," replied the black nurse, "for I have dropped them one by one into this earth, which the Master of Life taught his preachers to bless. Twist them tight, my heart's child, and sing with me, or the charm will not be pure." Juliet bent her head, and sang in a stifled voice the six African words which formed the spell; while Momacula combed back her long bright hair, and gathered it in a silken net wreathed with flowers. It was impossible to imagine a lovelier picture than these two figures formed, while the aged negro covered her foster-child's cherub head with a white veil, and received on her own dark forehead the kiss which repaid her. Then sitting on her nurse's lap, the beautiful brown Juliet began to sing a wild West-India ditty, putting between every pause a few of the gold beads she had loosened from her neck among the folds of Momacula's turban. Both suddenly raised their eyes, and beheld the Banshee standing before them. This mysterious spirit, so well known to every ancient Irish mansion, had now condescended to assume her best shape. She was tall, of noble and gentle aspect, with buskins, and a loose mantle of grass green. Momacula uttered a dismal shriek, and fell on the floor in a swoon. Juliet, more strong in the spirits of youth, and full of the volatile energy peculiar to natives of the Indies, looked steadily and even sternly on King Condry, who hastily dropped his mantle, and falling on his knees, implored mercy and protection in the language best suited to a young girl's ear. He talked of his misfortunes, of his persecutors, and the justice of his cause, entreating an asylum only for one night. His auditors, mingling the superstition

\* This spot is still known among the people of Munster, and the Mountain Spirit's promise is not yet forgotten in New York.

of her native island with the simplicity of her Irish education, knew not whether to believe the fatal Banshee had assumed this form to beguile her; or to believe the young hero of a generous cause was almost a divinity himself. King Condry would have had little difficulty in fixing the most pleasant idea of the two, if steps at the door, and a masculine voice heard at no great distance, had not broken the conference. The young Irishman pleaded for his life, and Juliet, having no better means of saving it, put him in a large old trunk, in which all the mortgages and remnants of the Balmawhistle-pedigree were preserved.

While these things happened at the castle, great consternation prevailed in Hannah Howragohn's hut. Whether she or King Condry had killed her husband, was a point she could no way settle to her own satisfaction, except the certainty that he was absolutely dead. To call the neighbours in the usual way, by shrieking the *Keenah*,\* could be of little use, as there was great reason to believe none would venture to bring either cakes or ale after the many impositions the deceased had practised. Besides, this kind of neighbourly inquest, established by venerable custom, might have dangerous consequences, if she set forth the body without covering. The true Father Carrol, whose name and garment had been so artfully assumed to deceive her, lived in a little cabin or hermitage near the ruined chapel of St. Kevan, in which he usually collected his thin flock, and celebrated his own religion. Thither went honest Hannah for advice and absolution, and marvellous was her surprise to find the grey long coat and priestly vestments which usually distinguished her confessor, rolled in a bundle near her altar-stone. But they supplied her with a thought worthy a woman's wit; and concluding with true Irish reason, that a dead man found in another man's clothes, is no longer the same man, she armed herself with courage, conveyed the remains of poor Croudy in a wheel barrow to the chapel, equipped him in the priest's

attire, and departed with a clear conscience.

Carrol O'Shane, titular priest of this parish, and teacher of eleven white-headed gossoons, whose Latin was much better than their English, had about this time made a vow to St. Kevan, that he would neither drink in nor out of his house for one month. But having much consolation to administer, and many fears for the safety of his flock, he had on this night compromised his vow, by taking *half* a pint of raspberry whiskey with one foot in and the other foot outside of his door. This half must be understood, according to Hibernian measure, as the upper half of the pint; and the good ecclesiastic's spirits were so rarefied, that he came from the feast of the patron-saint to his midnight orisons in the chapel, chanting all the way. When he entered, and beheld his place at the shrine occupied by a man in a kneeling posture, with his head reposed on the altar-stone, he stood awhile to consider what this apparition of himself might bode. But as the moon shone brightly and discovered the profile of the reposing stranger's features, he thought he recognized the face of Father Anthony Peter Macgowl, rival schoolmaster in the next parish, and of extreme ill-odour in his opinion, because he had been heard to say, that his favourite orator's name ought to be pronounced Kickero. Now, for this unlicensed and ignorant novice in the holy church, to come to his very seat and house of prayer, was an affront beyond toleration. Thrice he summoned him from his place, reproaching him for his illiterate pretences; and finding the intruder gave no sign of attention or removal, he exclaimed, in a climax of rage, "If thy Greek orator's name is Kickero, I appeal to his name as the fittest part of eloquence," and a forcible application of his foot followed this apostrophe. The stranger fell at his feet, with his forehead towards the rugged pavement, and remained motionless. No man, that is, no angry scholar, could have a heart more milky than Father Carrol; and lifting up his enemy's face, when he beheld it lifeless

\* The death-cry of the Irish.

and dolefully bruised, he beat his own in despair. He sprinkled the fractured head with water gathered in St. Kevan's skull, and rubbed it with moss found in the hollow of his tomb, but no symptom of life returned, notwithstanding the eminence of these expedients. A prayer to St. Kevan himself was followed by a thought that promised benefit. He knew that Croudy Howragohn had departed this life in the evening, and determined to avail himself of the widow's absence at a Shebean-house,\* to make a convenient removal. Taking the dead man on his shoulders, and choosing the most sheltered and obscure road, he deposited him upright at Hannah's door, not doubting that when he should be discovered there, his death would be ascribed to the profane and revengeful soldiery. Confiding all to chance, and the bountiful mediation of St. Kevan, he returned to his cabin and slept. Day dawned, and with it came his recollection and remorse, and also some distrust of the stratagem he had practised. An inlet of the sea was near, and he might cross in a few hours to the safer shore of Scotland. Fear has wings in poetry, but it wants a horse in plain fact. Carrol O'Shane remembered a sturdy grey mare belonging to the exciseman of Balmawhistle, who, for manifold reasons, owed him great obligations. He took the ancient privilege of a churchman, and deeming all moveables subject to the Pope or his missionaries, he mounted the stolen mare, and urged her to her best speed. Hardly had she passed the slough or bog of the parish, before the neigh of another animal alarmed him, and looking back, he beheld a priest, with glazed eyes and a ghastly visage, pursuing him on the back of a white horse. His roused imagination saw all the features of his murdered enemy in this spectre, and invoking St. Kevan a thousand times, he redoubled his speed. The pale horse and his death-like rider followed with increased swiftness, till the exciseman's mare, acquainted by long habit with certain resting-places, turned her head stubbornly towards a Shebean or hedge-house, where a crowd of people, full

\* A place where they sell small beer.

of libations to the patron-saint, were still assembled. Father Carrol plunged his mare and himself into the midst, exclaiming, "Save me from death!—Yonder is Peter coming to seize me!"—In an instant the outcry—"Peter is coming from the other world"—spread into the Shebean, and honest Hannah, whose widowhood had required comfort, ran out to see him. The sight of her husband, seated upright on a skeleton horse, spoke such daggers to her conscience, that in a loud voice she confessed her guilt, while the poor friar, bewailing his hard fate, accused himself bitterly of Father Peter's death. The multitude unbound the dead man from the saddle, on which he had been firmly fixed, and the Lord of Balmawhistle, with a posse of soldiers, boys, and tattered women, conveyed the two self-accused culprits into Hannah Howragohn's cottage, till the matter could be better understood. Great, indeed, was their astonishment, when they beheld the real Friar Peter, in his own official garments, kneeling in pious duty beside the door, which, taken from its hinges, supported a corpse, dressed decently, in a cap, with black ribbons, and covered with poor Croudy's shroud. "Woe is me!" said the Irish wife, beginning her Gol or Ullaloo with true energy—"I shall never know whether my husband is dead or no!" and leaping on the body, would have given it an embrace sufficiently expressive of her zeal to help heaven away with him, had not the dead man risen a third time, and laughed heartily in the face of all the spectators. The Lord of Balmawhistle laughed too, when he recognised his nephew, Sir Conolly Fitzpatrick, better known in Munster by the title of king Condy, representative of their first sovereign's family; and heard him explain how he had taken refuge, after his first adventure in Howragohn's cabin, under his uncle's roof, or to speak more properly, in his daughter's chest, from whence he made his escape in a few minutes. Then passing through the valley again, he saw poor Croudy stiffening at his own door, and yielding to a sudden love of mischief, bound him on the white horse

which he had left grazing, and sent both abroad together. By this expedient, he hoped to mislead suspicion, if that horse, which he had ridden on a dangerous occasion, should be recognised by the wandering soldiers. He next entered the cabin to seek a few potatoes, and to provide himself with a new disguise: but had hardly fastened one of the absent wife's caps on his head, before the schoolmaster and priest of the next parish entered to offer aid. Not an instant remained for choice of stratagems, and the best seemed to extend himself on the prepared board, and put on the habit and attitude of death. Honest Friar Peter was deceived without difficulty, for of the four squares which formed the cabin-window, three were filled with slate, and the open space left for the door was sufficiently clouded with departing volumes of smoke. His brother priest's delight when he beheld him living, and felt assured that no man's death rested on his head, was expressed by shouts, antics, and tears in abundance. The two rivals embraced each other, vowing to dispute no more; and the good wife, being well convinced that her husband would be permitted to repose in peace without too much inquiry, made a vow of eternal gratitude to her patron-saint. The Lord of Balmawhistle's eloquence, or his daughter's beauty, converted young Sir Condy from the fever of the green republicans, and a marriage ended his long list of transformations. The Irish imitator of the Ephesian matron received from him a dowry, consisting of a cabbage garden, and a better grey mare, which won the heart of Thady Cowpsticks, the shrewd exciseman; and her third husband will probably be the Lord of Balmawhistle himself, president of this merry company, and historian of *the Patron's day*." \* \* \* \* \*

"And now," said the Provost's clerk, bowing humbly at the conclusion of his patron's tale, "What remains for us after listening to the vagaries of superstition in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Yorkshire, Saxony, and Bombay, but

to conclude, that such chimeras are still bound together by some link connected with human-nature's most vital part, as the grass and the yellow leaves which the disguised lover sent to his mistress, were twined with a lock of her hair?—Or let us agree that these follies are like the strongest parts of the human skeleton—variously constructed, perhaps, but in their use and texture always the same."

"Let us also take a hint from nature," said the good Scotch priest, "and as nature never exhibits a living skeleton, let us throw over our follies and foibles a veil as soft and elegant as she has provided for the veins and tendons that support our frame. These superstitions, the business of fond hearts, are not less needful to nourish and circulate love, than the veins whose use remained so long undiscovered. We will respect those whose use is past, and keep them as the anatomist keeps his ancient relics, to assist modern wisdom."

"That is well said!" added the joyous Provost; "and why should not tales of to-day follow those of Auld Lang Syne? They would be found as rich in absurdity, romance, and superstition of another kind. We are only five in number; but the Eve of our party gave us two legends: let us balance this feminine usurpation by five modern appendixes to the ancient memoirs we male narrators have made public."

The lady of our groupe resisted this proposal, except on one condition. We acceded to it, and opening a volume of old English portraits, each selected one, promising to furnish a counterpart from modern life. Sir Christopher Hatton fell to the lady's lot; and laughing as she viewed this celebrated beau of Queen Elizabeth's day, she said, "I once heard an auctioneer prove to the satisfaction of a Yorkshire audience, that Noah was born at Kettlewell, in Craven.—Wait till after supper, and I will convince you that Sir Christopher Hatton, the very macaroni of our old queen's court, was in London in 1816."

V.

## GIANTS OF PATAGONIA.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine.

**WE** understand that a ship from Liverpool has been employed in trade on the coast of Patagonia ; that some of the crew, and particularly a lieutenant of the royal navy, are returned, who give an account of that country confirmatory of those which we have before received.

The aboriginal inhabitants consist mainly of two distinct tribes. One of them is stated to be a wandering tribe, of the gigantic size, so often mentioned by voyagers, extending all along the coast from the Plata to the Straits of Magellan. The lieutenant alluded to saw two chiefs or caciques who measured certainly eight feet in height, and he had a youth, fifteen years old, some time with him, who was not less than six feet two inches. The women are said to be in the same proportion ; and they are a remarkably well featured, and handsomely proportioned race. They subsist entirely by hunting ; and it is supposed, that if a central mart were formed, they would supply valuable furs in abundance, especially the guanaco or camel-sheep skin, the wool of which might be of importance to our manufacturers for shawls and very fine cloth. The lieutenant brought a specimen to England, which he shewed to a manufacturer, and the latter gave an opinion that it would be worth from 15s. to 16s. a pound. In exchange for these, the natives would gladly accept in barter, spirits, Brazil tobacco, coarse red or blue cloths, large iron spurs, long knives, spears, beads, and other similar articles : they do not use money, and neither this nor the other tribe use fire arms. They were very peaceable with the crew of the English ship ; on entering the settlement at Rio Negro they always deposite their arms, and only take them again on quitting it.

The other tribe consists of what are called the Pampas Indians, a small race, of settled habits, who live considerably to the westward of Rio Negro. They are an agricultural and pastoral people, and have also some manufac-

tures : they resort to the coast with cattle, coarse cloths, dried meats, &c. to barter, chiefly for spirits and tobacco. They are represented as being a numerous but inoffensive people.

The whole of the tracts from the Rio de la Plata to Cape Horn, has been abandoned by the Spaniards, with the exception of Rio Negro, where there are remains of a settlement, from whence the inhabitants are retiring every year. The government of Buenos Ayres have only taken nominal possession of any part of it, and merely stationed a commandant at Rio Negro, without any soldiers. Some black troops had at first been sent, who greatly distressed the inhabitants by exactions, and by the destruction of nearly all their cattle, which, before the revolution, were very abundant, and afforded means of loading many vessels every year with hides and tallow. Those oppressive exactions caused the emigration before mentioned.

The land about Rio Negro is said to be excellent for corn of a very superior quality ; and there are large and well watered tracts, admirably adapted for the rearing of cattle. The bull and cow of Patagonia are about the size of the English ; but the ox, at three years old, is half as large again, and grows to an immense size. From these, and from the wild cattle, with which the interior swarms, cured provisions, especially jerked beef, might very easily be exported to the West Indies in any quantity : At the Havannah, jerked beef is in such request, as to bring 14 dollars per quintal of 100 pounds ; and the passage would take two or three months. The country abounds also with wild horses, the skins of which might be available.

On the banks of the Rio Negro, there are an abundance of willow-trees, fit for beams and rafters of houses : there is no other timber ; but for fuel there are ample supplies of faggot wood ; and for the erection of buildings, bricks dried in the sun are used, although there is plenty of stone. The climate

is one of the mildest and healthiest in the world.

Along the coast from latitude 37. to 42. south, there are innumerable islands or sand banks, extending to the distance of seven or eight leagues from the main; and within them are found some convenient harbours for ships to lie in, and numerous creeks navigable for boats. The chart published by Faden from the survey of Malespinas, though on a small scale, was found very correct, and indeed the only one to be relied on. During the months of September, October, November, and December, the banks are covered with sea elephants, in such numbers, that from fifteen to twenty sail, of 200 tons each, might annually load with oil, if the fishing were pursued under proper restrictions, such as not to kill any elephant under two years old, nor the fe-

males till they have pupped and brought up their young. A pup three or four weeks old, can shift for itself. These animals have been very much destroyed by the Americans, who kill pups producing only four or five gallons of oil, whilst if they were left to the age of two or three years, would produce as many barrels. The whole coast abounds besides with hair and fur seals; the trade in which, either for the London or China markets, might be worth attention.

The ship, from the crew of which this information has been obtained, was unfortunately wrecked whilst pursuing a profitable traffic on the coast. She was the only English vessel remembered there, although about twenty ships annually resort thither, a few of them French, but the greater number Americans.

## CATHOLIC LEGENDS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. [See Ath. vol. 6, p. 33.]

**I**T is to be hoped, that the bare titles of the remaining examples, in this chapter of usurers, will prove sufficient to deter sinners from the commission of this damnable crime of "teaching money to procreate," and substitute the more effectual terrors of hell in the room of the weak and impotent sanction of legislative enactments, which it is the object of our present political reformers to do away.

### EXAMPLE VI.

—How an usurer, on the point of death, gave it in charge to his wife to have a care for the good of his soul; and how she married a second husband, and made a mock of him.

VII.—How a child exhorted its father to give up the practice of usury, and how he would not, and so died, and was damned.

VIII.—How an usurer, receiving the sacrament, said to the priest, "I value this handsome cup more than all that is within it," and instantly dropped down dead, and was damned.

IX.—How a usurer was buried in a church, in a marble sepulchre; and how the next morning, both the sepulchre and

its stinking contents, were found in a field far distant.

X.—How a priest, refusing to inter the body of a usurer in consecrated ground, made a composition with the relations of the deceased that they should place the usurer's body on the back of his horse, and, wherever the horse should carry it, there it should be interred. And how the relations, notwithstanding that, against the spirit and reasoning of the covenant, they endeavoured to drive the horse, by blows, towards the church, could not succeed in making the animal move an inch forward in that direction, until, being tired, they suffered it to go its own way, which led to the foot of the gallows, and there the usurer was interred at last.

XI.—Of another usurer, who, being buried in a church, could not rest, but got out of his grave, and played divers pranks within the said church, until, being duly exorcised, he confessed that he never should be quiet till they removed him out of consecrated ground; which was done accordingly.

XII.—How a usurer, being at his death-bed, exhorted to make restitution

of his ill-gotten wealth, by disposing of it in a christian-like manner, answered the parish priest who attended him, saying, "*Imprimis*, I give and bequeath you who are my pastor, to the devil.—*Item*, I give to my wife and children all the estate, right, title, &c. which I have acquired in hell by my worldly dealings. *Lastly*, all the residue of my effects, together with myself, I absolutely give up and release to my good Lord, Satan, to whom, of right, the same do belong."

Immediately at the close of which nuncupative will, the residuary legatee came into the apartment, and carried off the testator's soul, which (it seems) was the only part of the benefits intended for him that he cared to possess.

A few other examples remain; but as I am apprehensive that they might rather tend to weaken the impressions which must be made by some of the foregoing, than to strengthen or improve them, I shall here close the chapter.

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From the Literary Gazette, Sept. 1819.

## GERTRUDE VONDER WART.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

**A**MONG those who were accused as accomplices in the assassination of the Emperor Albert by John of Swabia, was the Baron Vonder Wart, though according to the unanimous testimony of early and later historians, he had not taken any immediate part in the deed itself. He was bound alive to the wheel. His wife Gertrude, did not forsake her unhappy husband even in his last moments, and she describes those dreadful hours in the following letter to Margarethe Freianstein, which is inserted in a book published at Haarlem in 1818, under the following title; "*Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity till Death, a true history, of the 14th century, by J. C. Appenzeller.*"

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown over it.—"I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!" he exclaimed continually. "When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? Oh God; is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings."

"I will die with you; 'tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from

you," said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us: I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot and as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at day break all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

Among these people I recognised the gaoler, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him, that I had been with my husband, for he approached me shaking his head, and said: "Woman! this was not the intention when Landenberg fetched you yesterday!"

As more people approached, I saw also several women of my acquaintance, among them was the wife of the bailiff Hugo Von Winterthur: I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"He dare not do any thing for me," sighed Wart upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes—"He dare not do any thing; the Queen pronounced the sentence; and the bailiff must therefore obey:

otherwise I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness."

Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me, but I could take nothing; for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased: I recognized also the sheriff Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons Conrad and Datlikon; also a Madame Von Nefenbach, who was praying for us.

The executioner came also; then Lampucht the confessor; the first said with a sigh; "God have compassion with this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!" the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the Queen before the tribunal at Brugk. The priest was silent.

All at once I heard a cry of "make way!" and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and Mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, "Whither are the crows flown that he still keeps his eyes?" and this was the duke Leopold.

My heart ceased to beat, when another knight with a scornful smile said: "Let him writhe as long as he has feeling; but then people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she here, who so increases the howling, who is she? what does the woman want? away with her!"

I now recognised the voice of the Queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain that it was Agnes.

"It is Wart's wife!" I heard a third knight say. "Last night when the sen-

tence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. God! what faithful love. Let her alone; nothing can be done with her."

I here recognised the mild tempered youth, Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

Well, Gertrude! cried a fourth tone, "will you not yet take rational advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it."

Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Brugk, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, "God! this is too much! cease!"

Agnes made a sign to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven; it was granted me.

Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. "Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth: angels in Heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away."

They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the Queen: he could now listen to the voice of nature and weep with me. "I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life," said he—gave me his hand and departed.

Every body now left the place except the executioner and the guard: evening came on, and at length silent

night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind because it was night; but I got upon the wheel and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I fetched him some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest *Margaretha*, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours!

But I lay, as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God's Angels and the Saints, continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

During this time my thoughts were with God. As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph it was a dagger in my heart. But I remembered the Holy Virgin, how she too had suf-

fered under the cross of her Son, and consoled myself with the hope that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of Heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I know too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent; permit me to pass over in silence.—A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words; *Gertrude, this is fidelity till death*, and expired.—On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me to remain faithful to the end.

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## DUMONT'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA.

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From the New Monthly Magazine, Sept. 1819.

NARRATIVE OF D. G. DUMONT, RELATING HIS CAPTIVITY OF THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE TERRITORY OF MOUNT FELIX, BETWEEN ORAN AND ALGIERS.

IT will probably be in the recollection of our readers, that seven or eight months ago, the public papers contained a paragraph, stating the circumstance of there being a man of the above name, who had just found his way back to France, after an absence of thirty-seven years from his native country, during which, he had not only remained totally ignorant of the extraordinary events that were passing there, even to the existence of such a man as Napoleon Buonaparte; but had almost forgotten his own language. We have now the satisfaction of laying the singularly interesting account of this individual's sufferings before the public, and partly in his own words; for it appears that when M. Quesné, a French literary character of respectability, heard of Dumont's arrival, attended as it was by

some allusions to his past history, he determined to seek him out. As the particulars communicated in their first interview, convinced the visitor, that the whole narrative ought to be placed on record, M. Quesné repeated his visits, and in a short time afterwards published the following account, the authenticity of which is drawn from such a variety of concurring testimonies all in favour of the narrator's character and correctness of memory, that the French editor, after having taken the utmost pains to satisfy his mind on the subject, saw no reason to entertain the smallest doubt of his hero's veracity.

After stating that he was born at Paris in 1768, and giving an account of his entrance into the navy with M. de Ternay, a rear-admiral, under whom Dumont served for more than a year, the

narrative goes on to state that he was present at the triumph of Lord Rodney on the 12th of April, 1782, over the French fleet under Count de Grasse, who was made prisoner on that memorable occasion. The ship to which he belonged was then ordered home, but happening to meet a small English squadron near Oporto, she was chased into the Straits of Gibraltar by them, and took shelter under the batteries of Algesiras. Here Dumont was transferred to another vessel, and having quitted her for the service of the Count d'Artois, then superintending the siege of Gibraltar, he returned to the same ship as a domestic of the Marquis De Montmery, aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, who was sent with despatches to the French fleet then cruising off Minorca. A violent storm arose soon after the vessel set sail from Algesiras, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the officers and crew to avoid the fate which awaited them, she was driven on shore in the dead of night, between Oran and Algiers, one of the most inhospitable parts of this terrific coast; here the ship went to pieces, and out of a hundred and forty men composing her crew, it was with the greatest difficulty half the number reached the rocky beach, weak and fainting, where a still more horrible death was in reserve for most of them.

The ferocious Koubals,\* says Dumont, (for we shall henceforth repeat his own words as communicated by M. Quesné), having observed the result of the tempest, and gloried in the prospect of booty it afforded, rushed down upon us from their mountains, and while torrents of rain fell, in the midst of thunder and lightning massacred the greatest part of those who had saved themselves from a watery grave. It was in vain that we endeavoured to defend ourselves, having no other weapons to oppose them than sand and stones: so that many suffered themselves to be slaughtered without making the least resistance. Seeing, however, the body of my master hacked to pieces, after he had long and courageously struggled

with his cruel adversaries, I became so enraged that it was no longer possible to remain a quiet spectator of the horrible scene, and in the absence of more effective arms, I took advantage of those within our reach, throwing handfuls of sand into the eyes of our enemies, and biting several of their legs, I at length succeeded in precipitating three Koubals from their Arab chargers into the sea. But this action was dearly bought, for I instantly received several blows of a sabre on the head, arms, and shoulders, a lance pierced through my body, while a pistol bullet lodged in the calf of my leg.

When no longer able to contend with the Arabs, they seized those who fell into their hands, and regained the summit of the mountains; I crawled in, covered with blood, amongst some brushwood, hoping to conceal myself the following day from the barbarians, in which case I did not despair of being enabled to remain on the coast, until the appearance of some European vessel afforded an opportunity of escape. Although when somewhat recovered from the agitation which followed our shipwreck, my wounds occasioned the most excruciating pain, I did not fear that death I had so miraculously escaped, but only regretted the loss of my master, and the probability of never seeing my parents again.

There were still thirty of my unfortunate companions, all more or less wounded, remaining out of the eighty who got on shore from the wreck; but scarcely had day-light dawned, when the Arabs returned at full gallop: they soon collected the remnant of their victims, and having bound our arms across each other, we were attached to their horses' tails with a long cord. The reason of our lives being now spared arose from the circumstance of a point in the Mahometan law, forbidding the assassination of Christians except at night. An obedience to this injunction is considered as the means of salvation, and when disregarded, the sheik generally inflicts the same punishment on themselves. This officer gives ten dollars for every Christian that is brought to

\* This tribe of savages is called Cubail, by Signor Pananti, in his curious account of it.

him : but the Koubals, who, though very fond of money are much more so of killing infidels, never omit any opportunity of murdering all those who profess a different faith, firmly persuaded that this is the surest way to please the Prophet.

Several of the party thus led along, died from weakness and suffering. We marched eight nights following, the Arabs not daring to travel in the daytime, lest some other Koubals should come and tear us from their hands, so as to obtain the proffered reward. During the day they encamped in one of the surrounding woods : when our whole sustenance consisted of a little bread and water, barely sufficient to prevent us from dying. The last stage was marched during the day, for our conductors had nothing more to fear, and we arrived at Mount Felix on the evening of the ninth day. This is the residence of Sheik Osman. He has many inferior sheiks under his orders, each of whom commands a district of two or three different mountains. These mountains are peopled by Arabs who live in *Adowars*, a name given to several tents, containing from forty to fifty different persons. Each family composes an *adowar* ; and the number of tents serves to denote a village, town, or city. There are no houses in this country, except the palace of Osman, and the prison for his slaves.

The sheiks owe a yearly tribute to Osman : it consists of money, wax, honey, elephants' teeth, wool, skins, ostrich feathers, &c. When unable to pay from their own resources, the sheiks attack and ravage the territories of those in the neighbourhood, who are not strong enough to resist ; and if the tribute is not deposited at Osman's feet, in fifteen days after it becomes due, the sheik loses his head, should he not be able to justify himself by a proper explanation, of the validity of which Osman is the sole judge.

This despot lives in a palace built of stone, two stories high, and terminating in a terrace. Three hundred women are shut up in it, and attended by an equal number of their own sex. They

are allowed to walk in the garden, which is very extensive, and filled with fruit trees and flowers, but the prospect is confined within the walls, for the great height of these prevents the possibility of their seeing beyond them.

We were presented to Osman on the day after our arrival ; he was a fine looking man, about five feet eight inches high, and is now fifty-five years old. His first question was, that of enquiring to what nation we belonged, and our replying that we were Frenchmen ; "*French*," said he ; "*Frenchmen ! without faith, laws, spiteful and devils ! let them be chained.*" His order was no sooner given than put into immediate execution.

I was a perfect cripple by this time, nor were my companions much better, three of them having died some days after we arrived ; stripped of our clothes, they threw a small coarse woollen shirt over each of us ; this covering reached within a few inches of the knee, in the manner of the Scotch Highlanders : we were then bound together two and two, by a large chain nearly ten feet long, weighing sixty pounds ; this was fixed to the ankle by a heavy clasp in the form of a horse shoe, and rivetted, so as to render escape impossible. In order to diminish the fatigue of dragging the chain along the ground, each man procured a sash made of twigs or hemp, with which he tied several links up to his middle, thus leaving a festoon of five feet between himself and companion ; this contrivance did not prevent them from working, and they were inseparable till one of the party was exchanged for another, either through sickness or with a view to his receiving some punishment.

Thus naked and loaded with irons, were we conducted to the prison, which is situated within half a league of the palace. This building is of an extraordinary length, greatly resembling a stable ; there were but two thousand slaves at the time of our arrival, though it would easily accommodate double that number ; the walls are about forty feet high, and eight in breadth, the roof is like those of Europe, except that instead

of tiles it is covered in with planks overlaying each other in the manner of slated houses in France. The ceiling is composed of a mortar made of lime and sand, and although there are many windows secured by several large bars of iron, the prison is very dark. These openings, which are only breast high, enable the captives to see the various beasts of prey, which are nightly allured by the odour of so many human bodies shut up together, and to which they are extremely partial; these animals are frequently seen within a few yards of the grate, where their roaring is heard for hours together, spreading terror and dismay amongst the horses and other domestic animals in the neighbourhood. The windows are separated by an interval of ten feet each, and are very large.

There are a great number of turrets built on the top of the walls, each large enough to contain fifteen persons, these are inhabited by the keepers; the communication to them is by a ladder which rises and falls, like a draw-bridge. On reaching the top, each keeper proceeds to his turret, where a fire is generally lighted to boil their coffee, of which they drink large quantities. Some of these remain on the watch while the rest are employed to superintend the working parties, constantly armed, and without ever taking off their clothes; they frequently discharge their muskets loaded with rock salt at any of the slaves who happen to be noisy or disorderly; they are very like our sentinels in Europe, and during the night often cry out, "*Take care of the Christians.*"

There is a channel cut in the middle of the prison, which receives the filth that descends into it from each side, for the floor shelves off towards the centre. The water is kept in several tanks formed of bullocks' hides, suspended from the walls at one end of the prison, and supplied from springs in the neighbourhood. The mode of drawing the water from these tanks is managed by a spigot and faucet fixed on the skin of one of the bullock's fore feet.

On our arriving at this abode of wretchedness, the slaves seemed to be greatly pleased with the sight of so many

new companions to share in their misery.\* Having disengaged the chain from our hips, it was secured to an iron ring and padlock about three feet from the ground; a little straw was allowed us to lie on, and each slave had a stone for his pillow; they also permitted us to sleep, if we could; but this was extremely difficult, owing to the quantity of different vermin that fell from the ceiling and crawled about us in every direction. These we destroyed by handfuls on starting from sleep, awakened by their stings and biting. Such was the effect of those unwelcome visitors, that when day-light came to our relief in the morning after arriving at the prison, on looking at each other, myself and companion were not a little surprised to see our bodies covered with blotches of a dark putrid hue and full of blood. We hardly knew, in fact, whether to laugh or cry, on thus beholding ourselves before two thousand human beings almost naked, having beards of a frightful length, and many of whom began the morning's occupation by drinking copious draughts of water out of human skulls for want of more convenient vessels.†

Although my wounds, particularly that occasioned by the lance, gave excessive pain, I was obliged to go to work like the rest every morning, also to collect (for they were thrown to us as if we were dogs,) three ears of Indian corn daily, which were to serve for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The corn is generally pounded, and then mixed up with water, if that can be procured; but the keepers will not allow the slaves any for this purpose while out in the fields. After having assisted in drawing in a cart, accompanied by a dozen others, for the whole day, I was taken back at night, worn out with excessive fatigue

\* The eleven first years of my captivity passed without my seeing a single new slave; this long interval was at last interrupted by the appearance of a Spaniard, who had fallen into the hands of an inferior sheik, and was thus conducted amongst us.—DUMONT.

† There were some other details communicated in this part of the narrative, of such an offensive nature, that the French editor could not insert them without doing what he considered a violence to public decorum.

and dreadfully bruised by the blows received from the keepers, while endeavouring to obey their orders; but their rule is never to address a Christian without having recourse at the same time to the whip.

An Italian who happened to be chained near me, was so touched with my sufferings, that he procured some hemp, which being steeped in water of marsh-mallows, kept in a skull for the purpose, was frequently applied to the lance wound, and though the most dreadful torments attended its application, I soon found myself entirely recovered; it now only remained for me to extract the ball, which was still a source of great pain; this I fortunately effected by the aid of an old knife; and when once out, the wound soon closed.

Amongst the two thousand slaves there were a number of old men. These had only half-chains put on them. Their occupation consists of clearing out the prison, sweeping the filth into the sewer that runs through it, drawing water from the skins, and burning the vermin with lighted torches made of straw, and fastened to the end of long sticks. Thus it is, that the old men are much worse off than their younger brethren in misfortune; for in addition to the ill usage experienced from the keepers, they are, as it were, the slaves of other slaves! whose impatience, irritated by bad treatment, seeks a prompt vengeance; this desire is gratified either by spitting in the old men's faces or throwing stones at them. When no longer able to work they are shot by the keepers. Such is also the mode of getting rid of those young men, whose maladies leave but slender hopes of their recovery. They are then thrown out into an adjoining field, where the body is immediately torn to pieces by lions, tigers, or leopards; nor did it unfrequently happen that panthers, wolves, and wild boars contended for carcases thus exposed. The fierce combats which usually took place whenever a dead body was the object of contention, used to be a source of great amusement to the Arabs, who would sometimes cry, "Do you see that Christian? God knows nothing of him, or he would not let him be devoured!"

It is mostly the skulls of those who are shot by the keepers that serve as drinking vessels and other utensils to the slaves; for the body of any one who committed suicide was carried to the top of a neighbouring mountain, and left there to be devoured. Such an event never occurred without being followed by a volley of blows on the persons of those nearest the man who had hung himself (this was the ordinary mode of self-destruction); nothing could be more criminal in the eyes of the keepers than for any slave to adopt the above plan of obtaining freedom.

As we were, according to this doctrine, bound to prevent suicide, it soon came to my turn to save the life of my chain comrade, a young Italian seaman, who, in consequence of a resolution to die, contrived to hang himself while unobserved, shortly after dark on a Friday night, the Mussulman's sabbath: but owing to the cord being very weak, merely consisting of some hemp badly twisted together, I found very little difficulty in pulling him down by a sudden shake; for the bone which he had fastened in the wall and attached the hemp to, was too high for me to reach it. The only inconvenience arising from the attempt was that of my companion carrying his head awry for nearly two months. But the same whim happening to seize him some time after, the notice I received of the event, a severe kick in the pit of my stomach, just as he threw himself off, induced me to let him hang undisturbed till daylight, when the usual salary of a bastinado was followed by my being forced to carry him off on my shoulders.

Another of my comrades, who fell sick, was shot by one of the keepers, after which his skull served me to drink out of for fourteen years. I brought it with me to Marseilles, as will be seen in the end. I lost three companions in all during my captivity, two of whom were shot, and the Italian just mentioned. Although I had not less than thirty different ones, they took care never to chain a Frenchman up with me, thinking that such a plan might lead to plots. This afforded me the means of learning several languages, so that I can now speak

the Arabic, English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with as much facility as French; I also understood a little German and Dutch.

The slaves generally rise at two in the morning, to avoid the bastinado, applied by large supple canes, that are kept steeped in water to prevent their getting too light. Some work in the sheik's garden, while others hew wood, till the ground, or draw, yoked to a plough. I was frequently employed five or six leagues from the prison, with several more of the slaves, in ploughing. It was customary, on those occasions, for a party of Koubals, taken from the adowars (who are obliged by law to furnish guards for the slaves) to form a circle round us, not to prevent escape, for that was impossible, but in order to protect us from the beasts of prey, some of which were constantly on the watch to seize the unarmed captive.

There are always a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of a hundred slaves. But although there are sentinels incessantly on the look out, it does not prevent the lion from carrying off his prey if greatly pressed by hunger, as I saw proved in the case of an unfortunate Spaniard, who once happened merely to go the length of the chain from his companion, when suddenly a lion rushed from a thicket and proceeded to carry him off. On the nearest Koubal giving the alarm, the ferocious animal was instantly surrounded and shot, but too late for saving the poor Spaniard's life, as he had already expired, his entrails being torn completely out by a single grasp. It is remarkable that the cries of men drive the beasts of prey back into the woods, whereas they are attracted by the sound of fire-arms, as if curiosity formed some part of their instinct.

Continued in our next.

## TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

[This is to be a series of dialogues, in which we propose to introduce remarkable persons of all ages and countries. As our sketches will "come like shadows, so depart," we have named it Time's Magic Lantern, and have actually got some part of the exhibition already executed, and ready to push forward as occasion requires. Remarkable persons are of various descriptions, and we do not propose, like Fontenelle, to seek them in the Elysian fields, but to shew them off in as dramatic a style as possible, engaged in their characteristic employments, and actuated by the passions of living men.]

### NO. I.

#### *Machiavel's Death-Bed.*

*Machiavel.* COME hither, good woman, and shift my pillow, for my head throbs painfully, and my thoughts hurry backwards and forwards in such clouds that I can find no rest. There now—thank you. Be kind to a dying man, for your heart remains such as it came from the gentle hands of Nature, and has never been seared by—

*Attendant.* The tears come into his eyes. Good signor, compose yourself, and all will go well.

*Mach.* No, no! The inevitable moment is drawing near, when my spirit

must take wing to another world, where its subtlety will be of no avail. Farewell to the kingdoms of the earth! Farewell to cabinets and to cunning! Machiavel is dying poor and neglected; but he has bequeathed to mankind a legacy, which is already in the hands of their princes, and for which he prays God to forgive him if there is mischief in it. Mischief!—Can mischief be taught among the seed of the serpent? Alas! it springs indigenuous in every bad heart; and if I have written the natural history of the hemlock, it will serve to instruct the physician as well as the poisoner.

*Atten.* Let me beseech you to remain calm, and not to irritate your mind with these thoughts at present. The best you can do is to sleep.

*Mach.* If there was such a thing as permanent sleep, you would perhaps be right. Repose, darkness, vacuity, negation of every sort,—and yet something will not allow one to believe it possible.

*Atten.* Do not tempt Heaven by wishing it.

*Mach.* May divine mercy guard my couch from bad thoughts, and purify my soul for another state of existence. Hush ! do not speak to me—my eyelids are heavy.

*Atten.* This is well. He falls into a slumber. What a meagre, sharp, and shrivelled countenance. And this is the politician of whom Florence speaks so much. The shadow of his features is reflected upon the wall ; and it seems as if his head was already wrapped up for burial. It was not by chance that a raven alighted at the window this morning, or that I dreamt last night of seeing him in church, where he has not been for so long.

(Enter a friend of Machiavel.)

*Atten.* Hush ! Tread softly ; and do not speak but in a whisper.

*Friend.* How fares it with him now ?

*Atten.* Worse and worse, I fear. A gradual decay. Look at his features. You have come just in time to see him die ; and your presence will help to support my courage, for the last scene is always a dismal spectacle.

*Friend.* Dismal indeed ; but, in this case, I believe it will be a quiet one.

*Atten.* Some say that when only one person is present at a sinner's death-bed, good and bad angels are seen hovering about in the dark parts of the chamber, ready to seize his wandering spirit after its escape from the body.

*Friend.* Fables. Has the priest been here again ?

*Atten.* Yes, but I cannot repeat what passed between them. The priest said it should be kept secret.

*Friend.* Has the last sacrament been administered ?

*Atten.* Yes ; but I fear against the sick man's will, for he seems to entertain different opinions from what are sanctioned by the church. God mend him ! before he goes to be judged.

*Friend.* Amen ! Do not, however, think him so much of an unbeliever as some have supposed. What I fear is, that there is even less religion in his heart than in his opinions, so much has the business of his life thrown his better feelings into disuse. At the same time, I believe him no friend to wickedness in the main.

*Mach.* (awaking.) Ha ! Jerome, are you there ? Reach me your hand once more. It is all over with me.

*Friend.* This despondency should not be allowed so easy a victory. You have been enjoying the advantage of sleep.

*Mach.* Scarcely. I had a strange fancy just now.\* I thought I was standing at a certain place, from whence there was a view of the road which leads up to the gate of paradise, and also of the road which leads down to the infernal regions. Upon each of these roads I saw a crowd passing along, and felt much interest in observing of what sort of individuals it was composed.

*Friend.* What sort of persons were those on the road leading to paradise ?

*Mach.* Poor ill-favoured rogues—half-starved, weather-worn, ragged, and thin-blooded. The very refuse of the earth, at least what are counted so. They seemed as if they had but newly escaped from a hail-storm of earthly misery and contempt, which had bent down their shoulders, and rent their garments to tatters. Beggars, slaves, and simple fools, who had remained honest after being counted knaves ; homely rustics, who could scarcely have out-witted their own watch-dogs ; sober mechanics, such as are known to the world only by the shoes they produce : bellmen of convents ; but few priors ; and, in short, such a company as brought me in mind of the text, "*Beati pauperes quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum.*"

*Friend.* But what had these persons done, more than others, to entitle them to admission at St. Peter's gate.

*Mach.* The same question occurred to myself, when I saw the apostle stretch forth his hands to such a homely group, and, with a smiling countenance, help such as were feeble and drooping to ascend the few steps which led up to his massive portal.

*Friend.* And was your curiosity satisfied ?

*Mach.* The valves were thrown open, and a breeze rushing out upon the new comers, suddenly removed the squalor and sickliness of their appear-

\* See Machiavel's Life.

ance, so that they went in, as fresh and joyous as so many winged children painted by Correggio. In the meantime, the apostle, perceiving my astonishment, cried out to me, "The principal merit of these people consists in having spent their lives without betraying any turn for mischief. Persons like them are the only ones capable of allowing paradise to remain a paradise after their arrival. As to the plainness of their understanding, it is no disadvantage, since it enables them to be happy, without asking how or wherefore; and because, in heaven, there is no need of circumventing each other.

*Friend.* Certainly not. But whom did you see upon the other road?

*Mach.* Let me first tell what more conversation I had with St. Peter. I asked him if all the searching faculties, and ambitious stirrings of human nature, must then be considered as pernicious, and if so why was man endowed with them? He replied he knew not how man came to be endowed with them, but that we had an opportunity of feeling their effects upon the earth, and were able to judge of them for ourselves.

*Friend.* Alas! it is true that the history of mankind says little in their favour.

*Mach.* When he had replied in this manner, I was piqued at the notion that happiness could only be found among persons of humble spirits and shallow understandings; and I turned away from the apostle, to look at those who were passing along the other road.

*Friend.* Well, and who were they?

*Mach.* Popes, cardinals, kings, heroes, counsellors, and ambitious persons of every sort. The road shone with gold and purple, and these venerable figures, with long beards, did nothing but discourse of state affairs as they went along. All of them had the appearance of profound sagacity, and carried great wrinkled foreheads to the place of their destination. A company so august had evidently vacated many palaces and cabinets. There was no individual in the procession who had not left mankind smarting, to make

them remember him, and preserve his busts, portraits, and medallions.

*Friend.* Did you observe any of your contemporaries among them.

*Mach.* My dear friend, do not press me to mention names in my last moments. I observed no person there, who would have done good elsewhere.

*Friend.* And what thought you upon witnessing this spectacle, so different from the last?

*Mach.* I turned again to St. Peter, and cried with a loud voice, that surely there would be more satisfaction in conversing with an assemblage of men, so noble, wise and famous, than with a common herd of mechanics and simpletons.

*Friend.* Right. There lies the problem.

*Mach.* The apostle replied, that these men could not endure a state of repose; and having no longer the humble and well-meaning part of their species to practise upon, they would infallibly become the tormentors of each other.

*Friend.* Did you perceive where their march terminated?

*Mach.* Yes. Their path, as they advanced, grew more and more rugged bursting into cracks, from whence issued infernal fire; and the crowd which formerly walked with decorum, and in good order, was now seen hurrying along, arm in arm, with fiends and demons. I heard loud huzzas and outcries, and the whole was soon lost in obscurity.

*Friend.* You have been reflecting with distaste upon some of the occupations of your past life, and your chagrin has produced this feverish dream.

*Mach.* No, Jerome, my nature is the same as ever; and unless Heaven mend me, I suspect I shall hardly grow into a little winged boy, with that sweet and sincere countenance which wins the key from St. Peter.

*Friend.* Be of good cheer. You know not how much purgatory may effect for you.

*Mach.* Ah, my dear Jerome! I feel an inveterate passion for state affairs—Put aside that taper, for it pains my

eyes—My pangs are returning—give me your hand once more, and receive my last thanks for your affectionate cares. Farewell—again—Farewell.

*Atten.* See, see! he is dying.  
*Friend.* It will soon be over; and then a long adieu to poor Machiavel.  
*Blackwood's Ed. Mag.*

## VARIETIES.

From the Literary Gazette, Sept. 1819.

A YOUNG man, a native of the Island of St. Croix, lately swam over the Sound from Cronenburg, and thus outdid Leander and Lord Byron, who swam across the Hellespont. The distance from Abydos to Sestos is only an English mile; but the distance which Lord Byron and Lieutenant Aikenshead swam, in an hour and ten minutes, is estimated at four miles; because the strong current carried them away. The distance between Cronenburg and Kelsingburg is four English miles; but as the swimmer could not land at Kelsingburg on account of the surf, he had to swim down to the village of Graves, two English miles further; making six English miles in all; which he did in two hours and forty minutes. A Danish officer and three men followed him in a boat, and never lost sight of him. In the middle of the Sound he had to contend with a high sea, which dashed over him.

M. Milbert, a French naturalist, is at present travelling through different parts of North America. He intends to cross the Alleghany Mountains and to penetrate as far as lakes Erie and Michigan, the country of the Illinois &c. The expences of his journey are defrayed by the French Government.

Our readers are aware that Gay, the poet, was a native of Barnstaple. A few months since, at a public sale in that town, a curiously formed arm-chair was purchased by a gentleman, which appears incontestibly to have belonged to that poet. On examination of this piece of furniture, a drawer was discovered under the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out; and within it were

found various documents and interesting papers, which appear to have been deposited there by the poet himself, many of them being in his hand-writing. The chair seems admirably constructed for meditative ease and literary application.

The *walking* mountain at Namur, has approached, as if to besiege, the citadel. The ancient site presents a curious friable mould, impregnated with a mineral substance.

### A CLERICAL HAMLET.

The scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet was recently performed in the Church-yard of a little village in the Department of Deux-Sevres. The Vicar of the Parish, with the view of *fêteing* the dead and effectually admonishing the living, proceeded to the church-yard followed by a numerous retinue. He stationed himself before an open grave, surrounded with human bones, and began to declaim vehemently against the perversity of the age; then, like the Prince of Denmark, seeing a skull he said:—"This was perhaps the head of a rich miser, now doomed to eternal punishment; or of some profligate, whose life was spent in the tavern or the gaming house; or perhaps of a young woman, who, by misconduct, brought sorrow and disgrace on her family. This head may have been adorned with bright eyes and rosy lips. Reflect, incorrigible sinners; to-morrow, perhaps even to-day, this may be your doom." On hearing this, nearly all the female part of the auditory were seized with fits; some of the young girls fancying their heads were already in the pastor's grasp, took to flight, the young men laughed heartily, and the old ones, seeing no good reason why a catholic sermon should resemble an English

tragedy, walked away highly incensed at this new mode of propounding the moral of the Gospel.

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### PAWN-BROKING.

Leo X. published in 1551 a bull, in which he refers to an institution of Pope Paul II. for lending money to the poor at low interest, and ordains a new organization of this *Monte-di-pieta*. Accordingly, a magnificent pawn-house was erected at Rome, amply provided with warehouses for the arrangement and preservation of the pledges. There are two entrances, remote from each other. At either entrance a person may present his pledge for valuation; and, if dissatisfied, may go round to the other door, and get it valued afresh. The clerk in the centre is obliged to advance money on the average valuation of the two door-keepers. For this money, an interest, not exceeding nine per cent. is charged; and, at the end of eighteen months, unredeemed pledges are sold by auction. Still, if any individual wishes his pledge to remain unsold, he may, by adding the interest to his stake, detain his pledge for three years. Certain directors manage the concern, which defrays its own expenses, and allows dividends to the shareholders who built the establishment and advanced the capital necessary.

Now, as one of your correspondents has pointed out many evils which result from the English system of pawning, it would perhaps be worth while to try the Italian, or papal, system; and to institute a joint stock company of benevolent pawnbrokers, who should lend to the poor at the lowest interest which would defray the requisite expenses of establishing warehouses, and valuing rooms: and of remunerating dusters, cleaners, clerks, and bug-destroyers, to the majesty of the people.

The cheapness of interest would tempt the necessitous to prefer the public institution before the extant private shops; and this would perpetually bring within the knowledge of the magistrate, and of the overseers of the poor, the proportion, and extent, and growth, of want in the needy commu-

nity. Stolen goods, indeed, would continue to be pawned in the old way; and these constitute, perhaps, a large share of the deposited property.

#### MR. ALISON.

In Edinburgh, two very handsome new chapels have of late years been erected by the Episcopalians, and the clergymen who officiate in them possess faculties eminently calculated for extending the reputation of their church.

Dr. Sandford, the Bishop of the Diocese, preaches regularly in the one, and the minister of the other is no less a person than Mr. Alison, the celebrated author of the *Essays on Taste*, and of those exquisite Sermons which I have so often heard you speak of in terms of rapture.

Mr. Alison has a much larger chapel, and a more numerous congregation, and he possesses, no doubt, much more largely the qualifications of a popular orator. He has also about him a certain pensiveness of aspect, which I should almost suspect to have been inherited from the afflicted priests of this church of the preceding generation. He has a noble serenity of countenance, however, which is not disturbed, but improved, by its tinge of melancholy; large grey eyes, beaming with gentle lambent fire, and set dark and hollow in the head, like those which Rembrandt used to draw, lips full of delicacy and composure, and a tall pale forehead, sprinkled with a few thin, grey, monastic ringlets. His voice harmonizes perfectly with this exterior—clear, calm, mellow, like that far-off mournful melody, with which the great poet of Italy has broken the repose of his autumnal evening:

..... Squilla di lontano

Che paja il giorno panger che si muore.

In spite of his accent, which has a good deal of his country in it, I have never heard any man read the service of our church in so fine and impressive a style as Mr. Alison. The grave antique majesty of those inimitable prayers, acquiring new beauty and sublimity as they passed through his lips, could not fail to refresh and elevate my mind, after I had been wearied with the loose

and extemporaneous, and not unfrequently, as I thought, irreverent, suppositions of the presbyterian divines. In his preaching the effect of his voice is no less striking; and indeed, much as you have read and admired his sermons, I am sure you would confess, after once hearing him, that they cannot produce their full effect without the accompaniment of that delightful music. Hereafter, in reading them, I shall always have the memory of that music ringing faintly in my ears—and recall, with every grand and every gentle close the image of that serene and solemn countenance, which Nature designed to be the best commentary on the meanings of Alison.

#### SELDEN.

This great man condescended to become a member of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, in which capacity he did some service, by preserving the public libraries from dispersion. Among other objects to which this synod directed its attention, one was a commentary on the scriptures, of the original languages of which a great part of the assembly were ignorant. One day these divines were busied for a considerable time in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, on which knotty point they differed very much; till one of the brotherhood thought he could settle it by having found that fish used to be carried from the latter place to Jerusalem market. This solution was deemed a satisfactory conclusion for the shortness of the distance in so hot a climate, when Mr. Selden nonplussed them all again by saying, that “perhaps it might be salt fish.”

#### PYROLIGNEOUS ACID.

Dr. Jorg, professor at Leipsic, has made many successful experiments with Pyroligneous Acid, as the means of preventing the corruption of animal substances. He has entirely recovered several anatomical preparations from incipient corruption by pouring this acid over them. With the oil which is produced from wood by distillation in the dry manner, he has moistened pieces of flesh already advanced in decay; and, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, soon made them as dry and firm as flesh can be rendered by being smoked in the smoking-room. All traces of corruption vanish at once when the *Vinegar of Wood* or the *Oil of Wood* is applied to the meat with a brush. The pro-

fessor has also begun to prepare mummies of animals, and has no doubt of success. He promises great advantages to anatomy, domestic economy, and even to medicine from this discovery (for the remedy seems very fit to be applied internally and externally in many disorders), and intends to publish the result of his further experiments. We observe that some experiments are making in England, and should feel indebted to any of our chemical friends who would favour us with the results of their observations. This is certainly a most interesting and useful object of enquiry, and not only the properties of Pyroligneous Acid, but the best modes of obtaining it, the woods fittest for that purpose, the most effectual process of application, and the phenomenon attendant upon its action, should be accurately investigated.

#### RED SNOW.

Mr. Francis Bauer, from a number of accurate observations, with microscopes of great power, on the red snow, in a melted state, from Baffin's bay, pronounces the colouring matter to be a new species of *uredo* (a minute fungus), to which he proposes to give the name *nivalis*.

#### AIR-JACKET.

Mr. Charles Kendal lately made an experiment on the Thames of the efficacy of his air-jacket, or life-preserver, which completely succeeded. He went from the Southwark Bridge through London Bridge with great ease, and on to the London Docks in 20 minutes, walking upright in the water, accompanied by his man all the way.

#### COMET.

BREMEN, 28th July.—The conjecture lately made that the Earth was, on the 26th of June, in the direction of the tail of the Comet now visible, is fully confirmed, since its orbit has become better known. The Sun, the Comet, and the Earth, were, on the 28th June in the morning so nearly on a right line, that the Comet was to be seen in the Sun's Disk. According to the calculation the nucleus of the Comet, entered the Sun's Southern limb at 5h. 22m. A.M. true Bremen time. It was nearest to the centre of the Sun, 1' 27" West, about 7h. 13m. and issued from the Sun's Northern limb about 9h. 22m. But greatly is it to be wished, that some astronomer or lover of astronomy may, by a happy chance, have been observing the Disk of the Sun and its spots at this time, with a telescope, and be able accurately to remember what he observed, and give us an account of it! The Comet, during this most remarkable transit, was in distance something more than seven millions of (German) miles from the Sun, and about fourteen millions of miles from the Earth. W. OLBERS.

Hamburg, 2d of August.

In the drawing school of Lille there is a pupil without hands. He holds the pencil with his foot, and has acquired so much proficiency that he competes for the prizes with the rest of the pupils; and there is every reason to expect that he will one day become a distinguished draughtsman.

The Family Mansion, by Miss Taylor of Ongar, is in the press.

A new edition of Schleusner's Lexicon is printing, in a quarto volume, from an edition now in a forward state at press on the Continent.

## GENERAL STEWART.

General Stewart, whose sister married Thomas earl of Dundonald, and who was commander-in-chief at Madras, was afflicted by a wound in one of his legs, which mortified; and, no signs of a suppuration appearing, his surgeon told him there was, in his opinion, no hope of his recovery, unless he would submit to amputation. The general heard his doom with the utmost composure, and immediately set about arranging his affairs, previous to the approaching moment, when it might be no longer in his power: having fully made up his mind to die, rather than suffer the operation. It was in vain his most intimate friends remonstrated; in vain they represented that he would still be as competent as ever, mounted upon an elephant, to discharge all his military duties; and that, neither from his habit of body or his years, was there any cause of apprehension as to the probable result. He listened to them with great good-humour, and then asked his surgeon, admitting he would not submit, how long he thought he might survive? It is to be supposed, in that climate, the progress of mortification is very rapid; and the surgeon told him unless a suppuration took place, of which he saw no sign, he thought it doubtful if he could survive twenty-four hours. The veteran soldier set about arranging his affairs; made his will; dispatched a messenger to his nephew, who was absent: and, communicating in what state he had left his affairs, one by one he took leave of his friends, much in the same way as if he had been going on a distant journey, or into battle. He settled his accounts, and took leave of his weeping domestics: his own mind being the least affected of any one about him. He took a last adieu, as he thought, of the setting sun, fully expecting to be a corpse ere it arose. He then told his favourite valet, who was almost broken-hearted, to ice a couple of bottles of his favourite claret, and to set them on a side-table near his couch; and, not choosing to have his last agonies witnessed, or perhaps wishing to spare the feelings of his

servant, he told him not, on any account, unless called for, to enter his chamber till a given hour the next day. Thus left to his own meditations, the general calmly smoked his pipe in the Asiatic style, the last he supposed he should ever enjoy; and, relishing his *chateau margeaux*, perhaps from the same anticipation, he finished his second bottle, and peaceably laid himself down to sleep expecting, ere he woke again, the agonies of death might be upon him.

At the appointed hour, no signal having been given, with a palpitating heart the valet approached his beloved master's bed, fully expecting to find him a corpse, when, to his astonishment and delight, he saw he was alive, and apparently enjoying a refreshing sleep; which he did not interrupt, but immediately informed the surgeon; who, upon looking at his patient, and examining his pulse, was convinced that a favourable crisis had arrived: and, when the general awoke, and the dressings were removed, it was found that a complete suppuration had taken place, and that nothing remained but a clean, healthy wound, which was rapidly cured.

## THE WEATHER.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

In a work recently published, entitled "An Account of the System of the Weather of the British Islands, discovered by Captain Mackenzie," a curious fact is stated, namely, that the average weather of each year, following up a progressive series, returns into itself in 54 years, forming a perfect cycle.

This has an air of originality; but as the Sage of old said, there is nothing new under the sun: to confirm which truism allow me to point out to you the following singular coincidence. Lord Bacon, in his essay, "Of Vicissitude of Things," has the following remarks:

"There is a toy which I have heard, and I would not have it given over, but waited upon a little. They say it is observed in the Low Countries (I know not in what part) that every five and thirty years, the same kind and suit of years and weathers comes about again; as great frosts, great wet, great droughts, warm winters, summers with little heat, and the like; and they call it the prime: it is a thing I do rather mention, because, counting backwards, I have found some concurrence."

I. H.

Sept, 1819.

## POETRY.

From the London Monthly Magazines.

## THE WAVES.

**H**ASTINGS, upon thy coast I stood—  
Still onward, onward roll'd the flood :  
'Tis trite, but who can see that strife  
Of wave, nor think of human life ?  
Oh, awful likeness ! how they pass,  
A rippling undistinguish'd mass,  
Fretting the surface and no more,  
Till lost upon the oblivious shore.

And Fancy, now thou turn'st my brain !  
I trace each billow of the main :  
'Tis individual, and its span  
Of being, is like thine, O Man.

Mark ye that plummy-crested surge  
Its foaming courser forward urge ;  
Lashing the land, it spreads dismay,  
The pebbles fly, the rocks give way :  
That is the warrior fierce uprear'd,  
Roaring to battle, ruthless, fear'd ;  
He's spent—a whispering murmur all  
That echoes his high-sounding fall.

Upon the sand that gentle wave  
Delights in peaceful grace to lave ;  
The margent dents with flowing line,  
While glittering planets o'er it shine :  
That is the Bard ; alas ! to see  
The impress of his harmony  
And tuneful force, a moment's joy,  
The next succeeding wave destroy.

Wearing and splashing through these rocks,  
Whose adamant the struggle mocks ;  
In eddies whirl'd, in deep chasms lost,  
Bubbling in straits, in spray up-tost ;  
Many an effort see they make,  
And billows rise, and billows break :—  
All worldlings these, who ceaseless boil  
And labour on with noisy toil ;  
By difficulties some defied  
Die off the granite's reckless side ;  
While others blest beyond desire  
Wind through, and on the shore expire !  
Those burst, the haven ere they reach,  
And these but perish on the beach.

How sweetly these round billows rise,  
And undulate, while the breeze sighs  
Above ; their race seems youthful sport,  
Flight and pursuit—they skim, they court—  
Now parted and to distance thrown,  
And now commingled into one ;  
They swell but soon subside, and where  
They were, a few small wavelets are ;  
Or sooth to say, they brawl and flee,  
One seeks the land, one floats to sea :  
How like is this to human love,  
As the young passions swell and move ;  
Coy dalliance, union, fond embrace,  
Proud bound, and then a nameless place—  
Or sever'd fates, away they go—  
No matter where they froth or flow.

Far off a hoary head I view,  
Dropping salt rheum ; 'tis age's hue,

And life's last tears. The sea-bird's breast  
Is on the neighbouring calm impress—  
Ah, spirit's emblem ! can it be,  
But one faint struggle more, and he  
Shall seek Heaven's element, like thee ?

How blest, if so ; for lo the gale  
Increasing flaps the shuddering sail,  
Wild ocean bellows loud, and fierce  
The tempest sweeps, the drear winds pierce  
With dismal howl, the waters rave,—  
Nothing can 'scape the yawning grave ;  
And every mortal, wreck'd, may know  
There is no safety here below.

Ah me ! my dream of waves is o'er ;  
Another reflux bares the shore,  
Another influx comes again,  
And new each shape in, on, the main—  
My heroes, lovers, bards all fled,  
Forgotten, traceless, vanished.  
And Man, whence springs thy senseless pride ?  
'Tis but a century or a tide ?

TEUTHA.

Hastings, August 21, 1819.

Every body has heard of the famous national song,  
the "God save the King" of Switzerland. We  
transcribe an imitation of it from Toulmin's Illus-  
trations of Affection, as a favourable specimen of  
his powers.

THE SWISS SONG, (RANTZ DES VACHES)  
IMITATED.

"OH ! when shall I see, now distant from me,  
The sweet blooming bowers  
Of infancy's hours ;  
The scene of my youth, affection, and truth,  
Our snow-piled mountains,  
The crystalline fountains,  
Our valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth !  
Oh ! when shall I be, Helvetia, with thee ?—  
The clime of my sires—the land of my birth.

"Dear objects of love, wherever I rove,  
My father, my mother,  
My sister, my brother—  
And her lov'd so well, the young Isabelle,  
Memory's fond treasures,  
Of infantile pleasures,  
In valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth !  
Oh ! when shall I be, Helvetia, with thee ?—  
The clime of my sires—the land of my birth."

\* We quote such songs with sincere pleasure. The noble sentiment and national glory dependent upon them are beyond calculation. Infinite have been the loyalty and bravery created by "God save the King," and Thomson's famous conclusion of the Masque of Alfred, "Rule Britannia ;" and in our opinion, the musick of both is sublime. We do not know the tune of the "Rantz des Vaches." The "amour des pays," has never been, as we know, naturally explained. It is strongest in poorest countries ; they are generally mountainous and picturesque. The

## TO THE PLANET JUPITER.\*

I LOOKED on thee, Jove, till my gaze  
Sank, smote from the pomp of thy blaze;  
For in heaven, from the sunset's red throne,  
To the zenith—thy rival was none.

From thy orb rush'd a torrent of light,  
That made the stars dim in thy sight,  
And the half-risen moon seem'd to die,  
And leave thee the realm of the sky.

I look'd on the ocean's broad breast—  
The purple was pale in the west;  
But down shot thy long silver spire,  
And the waves were like arrows of fire.

I turn'd from the infinite main,  
And thy light was the light of the plain,  
'Twas the beacon that blazed on the hill—  
Thou wert proud, pure, magnificent still.

A cloud spread its wing over heaven,  
By the shaft of thy splendour 'twas riven,  
And I saw thy bright front through it shine,  
Like a god from the depth of his shrine.

But, planet of glory and awe,  
It was not thy lustre I saw,  
For my soul was absorbed in the night  
When last I had gazed on thy light.

I thought of the hand I had held,  
Of the heart by that soft hand reveal'd,  
Of the eye fixed with mine on thy beam,  
And the world was forgot in my dream.

Flame on then, thou king of the sky,  
For thy brightness is joy to my eye;  
For this hour thou art beaming above  
The home of my wife and my love.

\* So beautifully seen in the heavens at present.

## LINES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL, ESQ.

THE night was glory. Through the skies of June  
Rolled the eternal moon,  
'Midst dark and heavy clouds that bore  
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things  
That sprung of old from man's imaginings.  
Each seem'd a fierce reality: some wore  
The forms of sphinx and hippogriff, or seemed  
Nourished among the wonders of the deep,  
And wilder than the poet ever dreamed:  
And there were cars—steeds with their proud necks  
bent—

Tower,—and temple,—and broken continent:  
And all, as upon a sea,

In the blue ether floated silently.  
I lay upon my bed and sank to sleep:  
And then I fancied that I rode upon  
The waters, and had power to call  
Up people who had lived in ages gone,  
And scenes and stories half forgot—and all  
That on my young imagination  
Had come like fairy visions, and departed.

impressions are therefore strong, and, as  
usual, the association of ideas with particular  
objects indelible. The habits of the inhabi-  
tants are simple and pastoral, and therefore  
natural and pleasing.

And ever by me a broad current passed  
Slowly, from which at times up started  
Dim scenes and ill-defined shapes. At last  
I bade the billows render up their dead,  
And all their wild inhabitants; and I  
Summoned the spirits who perished;  
Or took their stations in the starry sky.  
When Jove himself bowed his Saturnian head  
Before the One Divinity.

First I saw a landscape fair  
Towering in the clear blue air,  
Like Ida's woody summits, and sweet fields,  
Where all that Nature yields  
Flourishes. Three proud shapes were seen,  
Standing upon the green  
Like Olympian queen descended.  
One was unadorned, and one  
Wore her golden tresses bound  
With simple flowers; the third was crowned,  
And from amidst her raven hair,  
Like stars, imperial jewels shone.  
—Not one of those figures divine  
But might have sat in Juno's chair,  
And smiled in great equality:  
On Jove, though the blue skies were shaken;  
Or, with superior aspect, taken  
From Hebe's hand nectarian wine.  
And that Dardanian boy was there  
Whom pale Eione loved: his hair  
Was black, and curl'd his temples 'round;  
His limbs were free and his forehead fair,  
And, as he stood on a rising ground,  
And back his dark locks proudly tossed,  
A shepherd youth he looked, but trod  
On the green sward like a god:  
Most like Apollo when he played,  
(Fore Midas,) in the Phrygian shade,  
With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

And now from out the watery floor  
A city rose, (and well she wore  
Her beauty,) and stupendous walls,  
And towers that touched the stars, and halls  
Pillar'd with whitest marble, whence  
Palace on lofty palace sprung:  
And over all rich gardens hung,  
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,  
Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,  
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers  
Of Persia and Araby,  
Walked princely shapes: some with an air  
Like warriors, some like ladies fair  
Listening, and, amidst all, the king  
Nebuchadnezzar rioting  
In supreme magnificence.  
—This was famous Babylon.

That glorious vision passed on.  
And then I heard the laurel-branches sigh  
That still grow where the bright-eyed muses walk:  
And Pelion shook his piny locks, and talked  
Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly.  
And there I saw, piercing the deep blue sky,  
And radiant with his diadem of snow,  
Crowned Olympus: and the hills below  
Looked like inferior spirits tending round  
His pure supremacy; and a sound  
Went rolling onwards through the sunny calm,  
As if immortal voices then had spoken,  
And, with rich noises, broken  
The silence which that holy place had bred.

I knelt—and as I knelt, haply in token  
 Of thanks, there fell a honeyed shower of balm,  
 And the imperial mountain bowed his hoary head.  
 And then came one who on the Nubian sands  
 Perish'd for love: and with him the wanton queen  
 Egyptian, in her state was seen:  
 And how she smiled, and kissed his willing hands,  
 And said she would not love, and swore to die,  
 And laughed upon the Roman Antony.  
 Oh, matchless Cleopatra! never since  
 Has one, and never more  
 Shall one like thee tread on the Egypt shore,  
 Or lavish such royal magnificence:  
 Never shall one laugh, love, or die like thee,  
 Or on so sweet a witchery:  
 And, brave Mark Antony, that thou could'st give  
 Half the wide world to live  
 With that enchantress, did become thee well:  
 For Love is wiser than Ambition.—  
 Queen and thou, lofty triumvir, fare ye well.  
 And then I heard the sullen waters roar,  
 And saw them east their surf upon the strand,  
 And then, rebounding toward some far-seen land,  
 And the terrific spirits, bred  
 In the sea-caverns, moved by those fierce jars,  
 Rose up like giants from their watery bed,  
 And shook their silver hair against the stars.  
 Then, bursts like thunder—joyous outeries wild—  
 Sounds as from trumpets, and from drums,  
 And music like the lulling noise that comes  
 From nurses when they hush their charge to sleep,  
 Came in confusion from the deep.  
 Methought one told me that a child  
 Was that night unto the great Neptune born:  
 And then old Triton blew his curled horn,  
 And the Leviathan lashed the foaming seas,  
 And the wanton Nereides  
 Came up like phantoms from their coral halls,  
 And laughed and sung like tipsy Bacchanals,  
 Till all the fury of the ocean broke  
 Upon my ear.—I trembled and awoke.

#### HYMN.

(From C. Dibdin's "Young Arthur.")

**T**HERE is an eye that all surveys,  
 A hand that all directs;  
 There is a power for all purveys,  
 A power that all protects.  
 There is a hope can ne'er deceive,  
 A trust can ne'er betray;  
 There is a grace when mortals grieve  
 Can wipe the tear away.  
 There is a guide, there is a guard,  
 Who watches while we sleep;  
 And trust is sure in watch or ward,  
 The desert or the deep.  
 Sweeter than morning's incense rise,  
 To him whom mercies move,  
 The humble, unaffected sighs  
 Of gratitude, and love!

#### HEBREW MELODY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

1

**O** SAW ye the rose of the East,  
 In the valley of Sharon that grows?  
 Ye daughters of Judah, how bl-  
 To breathe in the sweets of my rose!  
 Come, tell me if yet she's at rest  
 In her couch with the lilies inwove;  
 Or if wantons the breeze with her breast,  
 For my heart it is sick for my love.

2

I charge you, ye virgins unveil'd,  
 That stray 'mong the sycamore trees,  
 By the roes and the hinds of the field,  
 That ye wake not my love till she please.  
 "The garden with flowers is in blow,  
 And roses unnumber'd are there;  
 Then tell how thy love we shall know,  
 For the daughters of Zion are fair?"

3

A bed of frankincense her cheek,  
 And wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand;  
 Her eye the bright gem that they seek  
 By the rivers and streams of the land;  
 Her smile from the morning she wins;  
 Her teeth are the lambs on the hill;  
 Her breasts' two young roes that are twins,  
 And feed on the vallies at will.

4

As the cedar 'mong trees of the wood,  
 As the lily 'mid shrubs of the heath,  
 As the tower of Damascus that stood  
 Overlooking the hamlets beneath;  
 As the moon that in glory we see  
 'Mid the stars and the planets above,—  
 Even so among women is she,  
 And my bosom is ravished with love!

5

Return with the evening star,  
 And our couch on Amann shall be;  
 From Shinar and Hermon afar  
 Thou the mountains of leopards shall see.  
 O, Shulamite, turn to thy rest,  
 Where the olive o'er shadows the land;  
 As the roe of the desert make haste,  
 For the singing of birds is at hand!

#### ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

**A**S, erst, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,  
 Young Eve survey'd her countless flow'rs,  
 An op'ning rose, of purest white,  
 She mark'd, with eyes that beam'd delight.  
 Its leaves she kiss'd: and, straight, it drew,  
 From Beauty's lip, the vermeil hue.

John Carey.